Library of

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY

BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

THE

CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR

AND

LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. JUNE, 1843. No. 3.

FATHER ASSEMANNI.

"BELIEVE me, says St. Bernard, "upon my own experience, you will find more in the woods than in books; the streams and rocks will teach you what you cannot learn of the greatest master." Advice less applicable to the contemplative recluse, than to the missionary, whose favorite volume was the boundless forest and plain, and the ocean river. The Jesuit of the college and the cell, pale with his vigils and acquisitions, is a less interesting being than the wanderer of Paraguay and Peru: we miss the wild energy, the splendid usefulness, the fierce gathering of the nations, the contest, the proud victories of the cross! That voice in the wilderness is hushed now. Bernard heard the voice and loved it. He called Europe, spiritual and temporal, to arms for the succor of Palestine; founded above two hundred monasteries, which he furnished with good libraries; traversed provinces and kingdoms for the conversion of princes and lords, with wonderful success; yet he sent not one ecclesiastic, of the myriads he made, to bear the gospel to the infidel. It is strange that the missionary spirit did not revive sooner in the Catholic church: from the eighth to the fifteenth century it slept heavily, and only then received a high and lasting impulse from the career of Xavier. Not Ignatius, but his disciple, originated the Jesuit missions: the former "had an inward call to Jerusalem," the latter devoted himself to the wild and savage portions of the world. Loyola soon grew tired of exploring the Holy Land; but many of his followers, however, felt the same "call," and went to dwell among the hills and vales of ancient story, loving their dwelling-place even unto death. In order to be at all happy, or at home, in such a mission, a cultivated and imaginative mind was requisite, combined with a love of learning, and of nature in her

lone and unutterable decay, not in her glory! The Jesuit was to confront no longer the powers of earth and hell in arms—but to hold communion with the "queen of the wilderness." in the sublimity of her despair; and to visit the children of Palestine, not to break down their "strongholds," but to lighten their burdens, to lead them gently to greater hope and comfort, for the rod of the oppressor had entered into their soul. Even in this picture of the early messengers of Loyola, some may think that cunning is sometimes visible; but the dark and many-colored hues in which the Jesuits of later times are often painted, would here be unnecessary and unjust. The Syrian and Egyptian wanderings often called forth their skill as antiquarians, botanists, and mineralogists: and in the most hideous scenes, the fathers often paused to revel over new shrubs and flowers, or some curious strata in the precipice and ravine.

The luxurious city of Damascus was the early scene of their mission, which was begun by Queyrot, a learned Jesuit, who was greatly aided by Eutimios, the Greek bishop of Scio. The Greek patriarchate being transferred to Damascus, Eutimios went to take possession of it, and was accompanied by Jerome Queyrot. The extensive acquaintance of the latter with the Oriental tongues, and the special study he had made of the Greek fathers, rendered him very useful to the patriarch, and, above all to the Greeks. He combatted their errors by citing passages from the fathers, whose authority had much more weight with them than all the arguments he could use. "Jerome was accompanied by another Jesuit, William Volrad Bengen, who had an extraordinary talent in acquiring languages, and had made himself master of the Arab, Greek, Italian, German, French, and Flemish tongues: whilst his friend was occupied in private and public controversies, and in the functions of his ministry, William taught the children the catechism, and conversed with the adults of various nations." War breaking out between the Turks and Venetians, an order was sent to eject from the city all the Venetians and Latins, merchants and religious people; but no Turkish officer laid hands on Jerome, for he was held in general respect and esteem. Michael Condoles, master of the artillery to the grand seignor, the chief person among the Christians, fearing that the man from whose conversations he had found so much instruction and comfort, might be exposed to some accident in the city, made him a present of a large house, situated in the Frank quarter, and this house was the commencement of the Jesuit establishment in Damascus.

Jerome had come to Damascus with the Greek patriarch, in the office of tutor to his nephew, and preacher in the city; but he now saw before him a higher estate and command, and, aided by his friends, he put his handsome house in a condition to receive other residents, and sent to France for colleagues.

Charles Malval came to his aid, but soon finished his career by his over severe toils: he slept little during the night, of which he passed great part at the altar; and Queyrot, by his death, was once more left alone. Volrad Bengen devoted his time to the Eastern languages, and the Arabian manuscripts had more charms for his taste than the missionary labors. The two men had good reason to be contented with their situation: compared to the missions of Peru and Paraguay, that of Damascus was an earthly elysium. A fine climate, comforts and luxuries at a cheap rate, the caravans from all parts of Asia, loaded with rich and various burdens, the great pilgrimages to Mecca, (which passed

through the city,) and the resort of so many nations to this mart of commerce, were powerful excitements to a curious and intelligent mind. The environs of the city, on the banks of the rivers, are of inexpressible beauty, shaded by long rows of noble trees, beneath which the people walk and sit at evening, and, while they sip their coffee, listen to the murmur of the waters, or gaze on the foaming cataracts. The women of Damascus come here to enjoy the fresh air, and wander in the neighboring gardens. The sun rising, in the cool morning hour, is exquisite on this spot: already the brilliant garments of the Orientals are seen on the shore, for they are passionately fond of these rivers; and while the barren mountains that rise out of the forest of gardens are cold and grey, the snowy crest of the great Sheich mountain alone is red with the first glory of the sky. In this city, Queyrot lived thirty-eight years, and then finished a useful life by a calm and edifying death: the whole priesthood of the city assisted at his funeral, and Michael Condoles supported the bier of of his friend and confessor. He was succeeded by Parvilliers, Richelieu, and Clisson, who established schools: alternately instructing the children, and visiting the private families. As they united some knowledge of medicine to their other acquisitions, people of wealth and consideration solicited their skill, who would have offered them bastinado or the scimetar had they assailed their faith. They endured, subsequently, several persecutions in Damascus, without the consolation of eminent success in their labors, which were chiefly directed to the Syrian Christians, to whom the zeal of some of the fathers, and the great learning of a few, were of considerable benefit; but among the Turks and Arabs few converts were made. Clisson and Nau composed several works in Arabic.

Previous to the mission of Damascus was that of Aleppo, where resided thirty thousand Christians, of different denominations; and the missionaries were of the three orders of Jesuits, Capuchins, and Carmelites. In the year 1625, pope Urban sent several laborers to Syria, where they were harrassed with many vexations, to which the interference of Louis XIII. put an end, who obtained a firman of the sultan, authorizing their establishment in Aleppo; where, in the course of a few years, most of them died through excessive toil and the climate. In 1679, their successors were put in possession of the consular chapel, with the title of chaplains to his majesty, and for some time this mission flourished: churches were built; and this period was memorable, also, for the union of several "schismatic churches to the Roman Catholic;" and the patriarchs of Alexandria and Aleppo testified their adhesion to pope Clement XI.

The Jesuits founded missions in Sidon and Saint John D'Acre, which are now in a ruined state. The convents open their waste chambers to the traveller, who finds little comfort within, although the few pale and solitary monks, like the last relics of a decayed and ancient family, are courteous in their sad and slender hospitality. They bring the fine wine of Lebanon, figs, and eggs, for a repast, and, as they talk with earnestness of the world which they have long left, they bestow their blessing freely.

The mission of Tripoli was begun by Jean Amieu, who traversed Palestine in search of an auspicious site. Jerusalem and its environs were already occupied by the Fathers of the Holy Sepulchre; in whose convent of Saint Salvador he was kindly received. "I assisted at the ceremonies of Easter: the services of the Holy Thursday were performed with a dig-

nity, a magnificence, and a piety which ravished the souls of the assistants: the altars were ornamented with presents from all the christian princes: and which are, for the most part, of a rare beauty and richness. To excite the fervor of the Orientals, the fathers have a ceremony suited to their taste, which is easily touched by external things: they represent the mystery of the crucifixion, with a figure of our Lord of the natural size: it is afterwards wrapped in a shroud, and placed in a sepulchre: and it is an exquisite privilege to pass the night around it, in tears and repentance." Amieu felt all the influence of the scene and hour; but he appears, like every other traveller, to breathe more at liberty without the walls. The transition, from the close and wretched streets, and casements like prison-bars, of the devoted city, to the free air and inspiring scenes of the hills and valleys, was delicious. Bethlehem, Carmel, the monastery of Elias on the wild declivity, were, like the homes of friends,—places of refuge to the soul and the fancy. You see caravans from various countries, whose people come to the grotto of Bethlehem; then processions of the pilgrims up its rocky hill, singing as they march, not the mournful chant of Calvary,—the rich men bearing presents, the poor weeping for joy. In the middle of this sacred grotto there is an altar of marble, on which mass is said: and the pilgrims kneel in ecstacy around. It is not surprising that Jerome chose this blessed spot for his abode: no place in the universe inspires more devotion: you see here his oratory and his tomb, and also those of Eusebius and Saint Paula. This illustrious Roman lady, the pride of the families of the Gracchi and the Scipios, from whom she was descended, preferred the abode of Bethlehem to that of the capital of the world, and her poor hermitage to the superb apartments of Rome.

There is a fourth tomb in the grotto of Bethlehem, that of the beautiful and admirable Eustochium, daughter of Paula, and disciple of Jerome. In her earliest life in Rome, she had no pleasure in the splendor of her home, or in the luxuries and amusements which her father loved; but often sought the house of Marcella, the first of her sex who embraced an ascetic or retired life. Aware of the importance of an able guide in a spiritual life, Eustochium put herself under the direction of Jerome, who composed his celebrated letter to her "on the single state." He forbids her dainty fare, effeminacy, pleasures, superfluous ornaments, and the indulging in strong wine, which he calls a poison in youth, and the throwing of oil upon a flame. He would not have fasts carried to excess, and rather commends such as are moderate but constant. He recommends solitude, and gives a charge to the girl, that she never visit those ladies whose dress and discourse have any tincture of the spirit of the world: adding, "go very seldom abroad, not even to honor the martyrs; honor them in your chamber." Jerome puts her in mind, that besides the hours of Morning and Evening, Tierce, Sext, and None, the five seasons consecrated to public prayer, she ought to rise twice or thrice in the night to pray, and never to omit this duty before and after meals, before going abroad, and after coming in; and that at every action she ought to make the sign of the cross, for such is the difficulty of preserving, and the danger of losing, the great treasure of purity, that there must be a constant watchfulness over the heart and senses, thereby crushing the least seeds of temptation. Thus did this learned doctor, and pillar of the early church, austerely discipline an uncorrupted mind

and delicate frame. Eustochium bore her mother company in all her journeys through Syria, Egypt, and Palestine, and settled with her in her monastery at Bethlehem, where Jerome came to reside from Rome, in 385. In these wild and beautiful solitudes she prosecuted her studies, and became learned above her sex, and well skilled in the Hebrew, often retiring, like her preceptor, to the solitary vale that extends below Bethlehem to the foot of the mountain of Tekoa, where Amos the prophet fed his flocks. When her mother died, she was chosen to succeed her; and to an ardent, devout, and enthusiastic mind, could the world offer a more sublime and indelible residence than that of the young abbess? What were the pleasures and enticements of Rome, which she had never loved, to the favorite studies with Jerome? or to wander on the neighboring hills of Olivet, Gilboah, or Samaria; and, at midnight, in the stillness and glory of the hour, to celebrate with her nuns the communion in the church of Bethlehem, and join their voices to the solemn strains of music? At Christmas, ere the morn is breaking, how affecting is the service in Bethlehem! Some of the Christians repair to the beautiful field beneath, where the shepherds watched their flocks, and there, beneath the two ancient trees, celebrate the hour when "Christ was born." The field is covered with wild flowers and rich grass; it is solitary, but not desolate. Under the shadow of the trees, as the sun is going down, it is beautiful to sit, and look at the hill of Engedi, and the tomb of Rachael: the only stream visible flows down the vale from the fountain of Bethlehem, of which David longed to drink; it is to this day a pure, deep fountain of delicious water, at the foot of the hill.

Amieu, on his return from Jerusalem, was arrested at Tripoli, and imprisoned, with twenty-five Frenchmen, in a dungeon. He spent his time in instructing his companions in captivity, animating them by his example and words: he prayed with them several times a day, and thus softening the rigors of confinement, enabled them to see the hand of God even in their chastisement. After twenty-two days of continual suffering, there came an order to set all the prisoners free; but before they left the gloomy scene, wishing to spend the last moments profitably, he addressed them once more, conjuring them not to forget the promises made to them in the time of their trial; and then commended them to the mercy that had been in prison their only consolation.

Amieu now visited diligently all the Catholics, Maronites, and Greeks, and, assembling them at evening in a house, he preached to them, sometimes in French, and sometimes in Arabic, for many strangers came to hear him. In the mean time he had no fixed abode, but lodged in the houses of the people, who were glad to afford a dwelling for himself and three companions.

The pope, Gregory XIII., had founded in Rome, a college for the education of the Maronite youth, but the governors of the country would not permit the subjects of the grand seignior to depart, and live among strangers; nor could even the parents without difficulty resolve to let them go so long a journey, uncertain when they might behold them again; consequently only a small number profited by the generosity of the august benefactor, so advantageous, if embraced, to the whole Maronite people.

Amieu, fully aware of the value of this institution, used every persuasion to induce the parents to devote their children to an education which Heaven itself seemed to have offered to them, and which was absolutely necessary to prepare their sons to be useful ministers of the altar; and he

admonished them, that if they refused, the loss would be required at their hands. In fine, he exerted himself to so good a purpose, that he was soon at liberty to make choice of the most promising youths in Tripoli, whom, having removed all obstacles in the way, he sent straight to Rome.

The sovereign pontiff testified his entire satisfaction at the conduct of Amieu, for the propagation of the faith; and, on being acquainted with this circumstance, Louis XIV. desired that twelve children of the different nations of the Levant, Armenians, Greeks, and Saracens, might be sent to Paris, to be educated there in the college. It was the intention of the king, that these children, being well instructed in the Catholic faith, as well as in the sciences and belles lettres, should return, to be teachers to their countrymen.

The missionaries began to extend their labors over the coasts of Syria; and on entering a village, if it contained a church or chapel, they went to worship there with the Christians of the place, and afterwards visited the dwellings, the sick, and the distressed, instructing the children and adults. The curates or pastors of these places received so small a contribution from their flock, that they could bestow little in charity; and great poverty and misery existed at this season, the country having been recently ravaged by a pestilence. "On this account, we take the precaution to carry with us, in our journeys, little boxes of silver, in which we enclose the consecrated wafers, to give the viaticum to the sick who appear to us to be in danger, and well disposed to receive it."

Amieu, the founder of the mission, was succeeded on his death by Nicholas Baziere, with the title of superior-general, who chanced to be a skilful surgeon as well as missionary, which gave him access to the houses of all the Orientals—"a precious advantage, which furnished him with the means of many conversions."

It is not often that a Frenchman, at ease in his possessions, and in the midst of all his *petits plaisirs*, feels a call to be a missionary; yet, to the very circumstance of a Frenchman becoming a missionary, the Jesuits owe the beautiful monastery of Antoura, for whose friendly and luxurious roof every traveller will bless, and acknowledge his obligations to them. In the heat of noon-day, how grateful were its groves of cedar, cypress, and orange trees, on the declivities of Lebanon, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean stretching far as the eye can reach!—and how sweet the solemn peal of its bell at evening, mingling in the mountain solitudes with the long cry of the shepherd! And when the shadows fell, a glory yet lingered on the white summits of Lebanon, with a fierce and yet a fiercer ray, till it slowly died: and on the cold wastes of snow, on the sultry groves, in beautiful contrast rose the stars in the lustre of an eastern night.

Francis Lambert, a rich merchant of Marseilles, who had a fine mansion and equipage, many friends and enjoyments, "felt himself inspired to imitate St. Matthew," to depart from the receipt of moneys, and, indulging no more in the exquisite handling of gold, to leave his commerce and his extensive connections. In vain his friends remonstrated and laughed, entreated and opposed; and vainly the world, the busy mart, the successful speculation, the pleasant dinner and wines, the theatre and music at night, put forth their seductions. Not even a shadow of these things would he find in the grey convent, among holy monks, constant prayers, and lonely cells. Lambert deserves far more to be canonized than very many in the calender; for it must be fairly considered that this wonderful conversion was little less than a mi-

racle. There were ladies also in the way, for Mons. Lambert was a highly regarded and popular man; and those fair advisers set forth, in moving and eloquent words, the excessive imprudence and absurdity of such a step. They termed it a wretched exile, to go and immure himself in Syria, and to live in a cave like a filthy hermit; there to let his beard grow, while, unwashed, uncombed, uncleanly, and alone, he would be more like a wild beast than a French gentleman. But Lambert had no intention to live in a cave.

Reserving but a small part of his property, and deaf alike to the tears and entreaties both of his male and female friends, he abandoned all his concerns, and set out for Rome. After the general of the Jesuits had examined his vocation, and received him into the Society, he embarked, with two young Jesuits, who asked permission to follow him. The vessel was driven ashore on the coast of Syria, in the neighborhood of a little village called Antoura, where the people. taking the vessel for a corsair, seized Lambert and his two companions, and conducted them before the governor of the territory. This was Abunaufel, the Maronite, the most considerable lord of his nation: he interrogated the prisoners; and Lambert showed him the patents of the general of the Jesuits, by which he was destined to the functions of a Syrian missionary. Abunaufel, recognizing the hand of Providence in this event, gave them the warmest welcome, and lodged them in his house. Perceiving the sincerity and devotion of his guest, he offered him a residence in his territory, on the sides of Mount Lebanon. Lambert, having consulted the superior of the Syrian mission, accepted the offer. The spot was fruitful, in a most healthful air, and in the bosom of exquisite scenery. His host built a house, with a chapel, which was consecrated amidst an immense concourse of people; and, aided by his two companions, Lambert officiated here during many years. Neither the cavern or the squalid cell were his portion. He never appears to have repented his choice, or to have recalled with regret former gaieties, society, and affluence, but to have lived here many years, until, worn out with his labors, he died in the odor of sanctity. His departure caused a general affliction over that region. After a time, a substantial monastery replaced the dwelling and chapel of Lambert; and these walls of Antoura still continue to send missionaries to different parts of Lebanon. Abunaufel, during his life, was its generous protector and benefactor.

Scattered over Lebanon are several little monasteries, or rather hermitages of solitary Greeks and Maronites, who revere St. Anthony as their patriarch; they wear a coarse habit of goat-skin; their head is covered with a little black cap; they walk with naked feet, and their sole business is prayer and manual labor. They wake several times in the night, to sing psalms in Syriac. They live on vegetables and water, sleep on the bare ground, and observe during the day a continual silence. The missionaries of Antoura often visited these solitaries, and held conferences with them on the Catholic faith, the frequenting the sacraments, &c.: "the retreat of eight days, according to the method of St. Ignatius, is found to be the most efficacious means, to preserve in these recluses the spirit of religion and the purity of manners."

The celebrated "Exercises of Ignatius" were faithfully kept in every part of the world by his disciples, and often by their converts. Eight days in the year were dedicated to a close and devout retreat from their priestly functions, as well as from the world. During that period the

soul was heedfully surveyed and questioned, with contrition and penitence. Fasting, contemplation, and prayer, with which the more enthusiastic mingled severe austerities, occupy great part of the "eight days and nights." Xavier was so convinced of the excellence and usefulness of these exercises, that he enjoins them earnestly in several of his letters. Among these solitaries were some cheerfnl beings, whose comfortable minds were the fruits rather of a buoyant and kindly temper, than of their lonely religion. The sullen demeanor of others, their pallid hue and unquiet glance, told of the anguish of former guilt, and that some remembrance was heavy on the soul: they had probably fled to these dreadful austerities, as a relief from a bleeding conscience, and the voice that pursued them day and night—while their wasted frames proved that they fasted to extremity.

There was a recluse, who went by the name of Rose, though her real name was Isabel: she lived alone, in a small neat cell, close to a village, and greatly esteemed by the people, passing most of her time in teaching the girls who came to her, or in visiting the families, the sick and sorrowing. It was said that her parents were of very respectable condition; and that she had been called Rose, when a child, from her extreme loveliness; and she delighted even then to pray in secret, and to read the lives of sainted women. As she grew up, she seemed to be quite unconscious of her personal charms. Her parents fell from a state of competence into great distress, and Isabel went to reside in the family of a gentleman, whose lady had long been her friend; there she would not eat the bread of idleness, but, by working with her needle, which she did with much taste and skill, she supported her parents comfortably. When they died, resolving to indulge her love of solitude, she refused every inducement, and retired to this village: the pilgrim might have found a less kind and tranquil welcome in the home of the rich and great of his faith, for here was the little garden, cultivated in beautiful order, full of the choice flowers and plants of the country. It was said that she fasted with great austerity, and often mixed bitter herbs with her repast, and used a hair-cloth round her waist. On particular days she wore on her head a thin circle of silver, studded on the inside with little sharp points, which wounded her head, in imitation of a crown of thorns. Her garments were white, and her person, which retained the rich remains of beauty, was clean and neat as that of a *Sœur de Charité;* but, though yet in her youth, austerities had caused her personal attractions to fade before their time. The tones of her voice were low and musical; and it was only by the fire that flashed in her fine eyes when she spoke of the mercies and love of God, that her interior happiness could be discerned: her demeanor and manners, like those of the Moravian recluse, were tranquil and subdued. Beloved by the people, and with as much comfort and luxury in her lowly home as she desired, Isabel could hardly term her life a continued sacrifice: nor indeed did she so term it; her favorite expressions were those of thankfulness and submission. In the evening the neighbors often came to sit with and converse with her; and several hours of the night, as well as the early morning, were given to prayer and reading her few volumes of devotion, and the lives of holy persons. A long and painful sickness terminated her life at the age of thirty-one, in which her words often were, "Lord, increase my sufferings, if it be thy will, and with them increase thy love in my heart."

Three leagues from Tripoli is a monastery of Greeks, called Belman-

dé, and is the richest and best inhabited of all those possessed by the Greeks in Syria. The missionaries, persuaded of the great advantages to be gained by the conversion of this monastery, sought every means to gain access within the walls, and make known therein the Catholic faith. "After many and unavailng efforts, providence at last opened the way." Two of their disciples, feeling themselves inwardly called to a religious life, chose this monastery of Belmandé, in order to consecrate themselves there to the service of God. The father Verseau, who knew them intimately, went to visit them, and warned them of the danger to which they were exposed, under a roof where so many errors of faith were found; and, after many conversations with them, believed them to be thoroughly fortified in the true faith, and perceived that "God would by their means make it known to this monastery."

Our two young noviciates did not fail to profit by the favorable dispositions, which became every day more and more apparent in the monastery, and they communicated them to the father Verseau, who more frequently visited them, till the Greeks were quite accustomed to his presence. The noviciates made him acquainted with several of the recluses who were less disposed to schism than their brothers; and these new intimacies led to others, so that at last he took a seat in their assemblies. To make himself more agreeable to the inmates, he spoke often of St. Basil, whom they revered as their holy patriarch, and he related several interesting traits of his life, praising highly his learned books, which the Greeks hold in great veneration. In order to furnish them at their leisure, with subjects of meditation similar to those on which he had conversed, he put into the hands of the two noviciates, the excellent works of the fathers Clisson and Nau, missionaries of Damascus, composed in Arabic, for the purpose of confuting schism, and establishing the Catholic faith. The noviciates did not fail to read them publicly, and they also took especial care to dwell on the sentiments of St. Basil and the other Greek fathers, which contained invincible proofs of the true faith, against all schismatic opinions. Verseau drew their attention likewise, in the same works of the holy fathers, to the ancient practice of frequenting the sacraments of penitence and the eucharist, which schism had abolished in their monastery.

In fine, with time, patience, the cares of the two disciples, and the discourses of the missionaries, the orthodox faith so completely prevailed, that all the recluses in the monastery returned into its bosom, and embraced it earnestly.

"From this period, our missionaries of Tripoli have continued to visit Belmondé, where they are always welcomed, and where they contribute not a little to maintain union, peace, regularity, piety, and healthful doctrine. Within these walls the superior-generals of our Syrian missions lodge during their visits; being thus more conveniently situated than elsewhere, to receive the news from the various stations, and to transmit their orders."

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

VOLTAIRE'S LIFE, LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND MORAL.

BY M. LEPAN.

VOLTAIRE, who had been the pupil of the Jesuits, had always evinced the greatest attachment for Father Porée, one of his professors of rhetoric. He placed the portrait of that *savant* in his study, but he removed it from thence in 1758, as he was angry with Father Berthier, also a Jesuit, because the latter had not acknowledged Voltaire to be the Homer and Sophocles of France, in the "Journal de Trevoux," a literary publication. From that period, the whole body of Jesuits became to him an object of horror. He wrote to Thiriot,* "It were well if all those animals, the Jesuits, Jansenists, &c., were made to work at the roads, with an iron collar about their necks, and that the superintendence of the work should be given to some worthy and honest Deist, a good servant of God and of the King." To the Duke de Richelieu, he expressed himself thus, "I am told, my Lord, that you have favored the Jesuits at Bordeaux, pray try to remove all influence from the Jesuits."† To the Count d'Argental, he wrote, "The Jesuits and Jansenists are quarrelling together, they ought to be fired upon with ball while they are biting each other."‡ He himself did all he could towards the expulsion of the Jesuits. He composed and circulated pamphlets against them.§ This conduct, however, should not excite our surprise, when we recollect that Voltaire had promised to destroy religion, and that he had therefore attacked the Jesuits, whose mission it was to propagate religion, and who make a special vow to perform the labors of a missionary wherever the successors of St. Peter send them to preach the gospel. "Who would believe," said he, four years after the destruction of the Society, on learning that the bookseller Leclerc had been arrested for vending immoral books, "who would believe that the Jesuits yet possess the power of injuring; and that that viper cut into pieces, as it is, can yet bite in the only hole left for it?"* And yet the same individual who could declaim thus violently against the Jesuits, had written the most flattering eulogy on the Society of Jesus, in his letter to Father Delatour in 1743.

A letter was published at Geneva, in which Calvin and his co-religionists were severely handled: it was written by Voltaire to Thiriot. This publication was replied to by several Genevese, and an attack was made upon Voltaire, for his "Defence of Lord Bolingbroke." Francis Grasset (the same, it appears, whom Voltaire had caused to be imprisoned two years previous) collected all these replies, and had them printed under the title of "Monsieur de Voltaire's War." The philosopher published a pamphlet, in which he denied having

* April 26, 1760.
† Nov. 27, 1761.
‡ Jan. 26, 1762.
§ See his Letter to the Marquis d'Argens-Dirac, Feb. 26, 1762.

* Letter to Damilaville, Feb. 2, 1767.

written either the letter to Thiriot or the "Defence." In relation to the latter, he said, "that he looked upon it as a work in opposition to religion, which could neither be published nor attributed to any one without crime." He wrote to all those who could benefit Grasset in any way, in order to prejudice them against him, and in particular to the celebrated Haller, to whom he sent a certificate signed by the Brothers Cramer,* stating that they had been robbed by Francis Grasset during the whole time that he had been employed by them as clerk, which was eighteen years. Haller's answer to Voltaire was such as to make him feel the gross impropriety of this step.†

If the desire of crushing his enemies was the most powerful feeling Voltaire could experience, he was not the less ardent in the pursuit of honors and distinctions. The reader will recollect his efforts to obtain a seat in the French Academy, and the means employed to secure the *Order of Merit.* The preference shown to Crebillon at court determined Voltaire to leave it; he left France merely because he had not been elected a member of the Academy of Sciences, and of the Academy of Fine Arts. He had also endeavored to be employed by the French government at the Prussian court, in 1743. He also attempted, though unsuccessfully to be sent as envoy to the Duke of Cumberland, in 1745. He also tried to obtain an appointment as diplomatic agent on the part of France to negociate peace between the belligerent powers: whether the Count d'Argental to whom he applied for this office, neglected to speak in his behalf to the Duke de Choiseul, or whether the Minister refused to employ him, we know not, but Voltaire continued to reside at the "Delights" where he consoled himself by writing half-a-dozen libels against those who had dared to criticise his works, or who in any way had opposed their success. Among them may be mentioned, "The Russian in Paris;" "Vanity," an attack on Lefranc de Pompignan; the "Letter to a Quaker," written against the Bishop of Puy, in Velais; and the "Scotchwoman," written against Freron. Ridicule and insult were always the arms that the author of "Toleration" used to combat his adversaries. By this means he avoided many discussions, in which he knew the advantage would not be on his side, and he secured those who prefered light reading which amuses but does not instruct. Besides this line of conduct was in conformity with one of his maxims, "Our success is certain when we laugh merrily at our neighbor."* Lefranc de Pompignan, President of the Court of Montauban, the author of several admired sacred odes, and of the tragedy of "Dido," was one of those whom Voltaire abused most severely. This animosity was entirely groundless, unless the address delivered by Lefranc de Pompignan before the French Academy in 1760, on the day of his reception, be construed as an attack against Voltaire. In this address, Lefranc raised his voice in favor of religion and against the pre-

* They were Voltaire's booksellers, and he asserted that the sale of his works had produced them a gain of four hundred thousand francs!

† The learned Swede, Biœrensthal, who had been acquainted with Voltaire while at Formey, draws the following parallel between Voltaire and Haller: "The one is superficial, the other is solid; the one writes verses upon all subjects, and throws over everything the colors of his fictions, the other is a poet and philosopher who loves virtue and truth above all things; the one is ever speaking of toleration yet cannot endure anything either from God or man, the other practices morality and obeys the Gospel; the one destroys, the other builds."

* Lettes to Madame du Deffant, Nov. 21, 1766.

tended philosophers of the day: this was done without mentioning any names. From that period, the leader of these philosophers, who had heretofore praised Lefranc's easy versification and the sustained beauty of the verse of "Dido,"* could find nothing in Lefranc's works, save a few "ornamented sentences," and published the most atrocious satires against him.

Lefranc de Pompignan had a brother in the army who felt disposed to punish Voltaire for the libels issued by him against the author of "Dido." This induced Voltaire to write on the subject to the Duke de Choiseul, then prime minister, "I know not my Lord Duke what I have done to Messieurs Lefranc; my ears are daily annoyed by one, and the other threatens to cut my ears off: I will undertake the rhymester myself, and I relinquish the cutthroat to you, for I have need of my ears to hear what fame proclaims of you." We can hardly suppress a smile at this idea. The object of it is obvious; it was by cunning flattery that Voltaire knew how to gain supporters, and thus he managed to succeed in his undertakings.

Voltaire was anxious to have a broad avenue leading to his castle, besides which he was desirous of enjoying a fine prospect which was hidden from his view by the old church at Ferney. To attain these objects, he resolved to pull the church down, and undertook to build another.† He proceeded at first to take down the cross and a portion of the church, this gave rise to remonstrances on the part of all concerned. "As I passionately love to be master, I have had the whole church thrown down, as an answer to the complaints made because I demolished part of the church. I have sent the parishioners to hear mass three miles off."* The new church was erected on the same spot as the old one. Voltaire would have been glad if he could have erected it elsewhere, but the people opposed him and said that it was holy ground.† While the edifice was in progress of erection, our author wrote to Count d'Argental, "Send me your portrait and that of Madame Scaliger,‡ I will place them upon the principal altar."

Collini, his old secretary, of whom frequent mention has been made, and with whom he continued to correspond, wished to publish an edition of the works of his former patron, and wrote to him asking permission to do so. Voltaire answered "I can only thank whoever will take the trouble to print my feeble writings, provided however, that nothing be inserted in them *against the Catholic religion, which I have always professed, or against the State to which I belong, or against morality which I have always respected.*"§ When the Secretary received this answer, he declined the undertaking.

Voltaire said, "Whenever I have a moment's respite I am thinking about striking the last blow at the wretch."‖ This was true, for, in 1761, all the time he did not spend on his "Commentaries upon Corneille" was employed in suits against the ministers of religion, once for the church which he threw down, again because he had infringed upon a burial ground; or in penning memorials against the Jesuits who were on the eve of effecting the purchase of some ground, whereby they were obliged to relinquish their intention of buying the land alluded to.¶ "These good works have taken up my time," he

* Voltaire's Letter to Lefranc de Pompignan, April 14, 1739.
† Letter to Thiriot, August 8, 1760.

* Letter to Count d'Argental, June 21, 1761.
† See Bicœrnsthal.
‡ Madame d'Argental.
§ April 4, 1761.
‖ Letter to Damilaville, June 1, 1764.
¶ Letter to Helvetius, Jan. 2, 1761.

wrote to one of his female acquaintances.* "These little amusements are necessary in the country," he wrote to his neice.† To the Count d'Argental, he wrote, "See how there are Jesuits everywhere, but still they find me, it has cost them twenty-four thousand livres. This will teach Berthier, that there are persons whom people should not offend."‡ These words let us into the secret of Voltaire's dislike for Berthier, revenge was blended with his hatred for religion, the reader probably recollects that this learned Jesuit had refused to acknowledge Voltaire as the Homer and Sophocles of France in the "Journal de Trevoux."

Voltaire received holy communion in 1754, because his conduct was the subject of remark; he also approached the holy table in 1761, "because," as he wrote to the Count d'Argental, Feb. 16, 1761, "because he had not one hundred thousand men at his disposal."

As Tourney, where Voltaire resided, was only two miles from Geneva, a few Genevese were in the habit of attending the performances at his theatre, and they spoke very strongly in favor of his taste, and there were others who blamed him as vehemently. The dispute was assuming a serious character, when Monsieur Tronchin-Boissier, who was the Attorney General, called upon Voltaire and gave him to understand that the troubles which his theatre had caused were such that the republic would be forced to take an unpleasant step, but which was one she owed to the laws and to public tranquillity. Voltaire, thinking his party was sufficiently strong, paid no attention to this advice. It was then proposed to make a law, forbidding every citizen to perform comedy in any place whatever.* The people talked about driving Voltaire from thence and threatened to burn his house. As he did not consider himself in safety while he remained in the territory of Geneva, he abandoned the "Delights," under the pretext that he was not sufficiently wealthy to keep this domain, and also that the state of his health, which demanded perfect quiet, was incompatible with the affluence of visitors, with which he was flooded owing to the neighborhood of Geneva. On cancelling the lease of the "Delights," he received the thirty-eight thousand livres stipulated in the contract, thereby incurring a loss of forty-nine thousand livres, and more than thirty thousand livres which he had expended upon his residence during his sojourn. Thus we see Voltaire obliged to fly from that Geneva, whose gates but nine years previous were opened upon mentioning his name, in whose favor an exception to the laws was made by permitting him to purchase ground upon its territory, which was forbidden to all Catholics.† What was the cause of Voltaire's loss of seventy-nine thousand livres and of his expulsion from the Genevan territory? It was the innate desire of destroying all received notions, and his excessive self-love, which caused him to fancy himself beyond the reach of the laws.

* The Countess of Luitzelburg, Jan. 13, 1761.

† Letter to Madame de Fontaine, Feb. 27, 1761.

‡ January 30, 1761.

* "Voltaire's Literary History," by the Marquis de Luchet.

† Voltaire's letter to the Duke de Richelieu, February 13, 1755.

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

FERIA TERTIA.—AT VESPERS.

Pelluris alme Conditor.

I.

Gracious Creator of this globe,
Who, tracing out the ocean's mighty bound
Didst separate the waters from the land,
And on its basis fix the solid ground.

II.

O'er which a verdant carpet spreads,
Adorn'd with flowers of ev'ry various hue;
Abundant fruits and golden harvests rise,
Sweet to the scent and lovely to the view.

III.

Oh! heal the soul's deep seated wounds,
By thy divine invigorating grace;
By sorrow's tears may guilt be wash'd away,
And every evil wish to good give place.

IV.

May we thy bless'd commands obey,
Far from the influence of ill preserv'd;
May we rejoice amid the smiles of heaven,
And parry of the stroke of death deserv'd.

V.

Eternal Father, grant this boon;
Grant it, thou Son and Equal, we implore;
And also thou, most holy Paraclete,
Who live and reign now and evermore.

FERIA QUARTA.—AT VESPERS.

Cœli Deus Sanctissime.

I.

Most Holy Lord of Heaven,
Who, with aurora's pallid light,
Increasing as the day smiles on,
Paintest the globe in colors bright.

II.

On the fourth day, whose power
Kindled the axles of the flaming sun,
And for the moon her pathway traced,
And for the stars that wander on.

III.

Unto the darksome night,
When the lost sun-beams fade away,
Thou giv'st its limits—and call'st up,
In season due, the alternate day.

IV.

Banish all mental night,
And cleanse our hearts from guilt below;
Asunder burst the chain of crime,
And sin's huge structure overthrow.

V.

Eternal Father, grant our prayer;
And thou his Equal, only Son;
And thou, most holy Paraclete,
For ever reigning three in one.

FERIA QUINTA.—AT VESPERS.

Magnæ Deus, Potentiæ.

I.

God of unbounded power,
Who bad'st the fruitful waters to divide
Their streams;—part mingling with the ocean tide.
Part with the clouds that lower.

II.

Among the depths they flow,
Around the skies they circulate sublime,
From one stock issuing, to ev'ry clime
Their treasures they bestow.

III.

Grant that thy servants here,
Cleans'd by the Saviour's stream of sacred gore,
Into iniquity may lapse no more,
Nor death's fell torpor fear.

IV.

Let sin prevail o'er none,
Let none be lifted up by vain conceit;
Be the bruis'd mind sustain'd by courage meet,
Nor the elate cast down.

V.

Oh! grant this, we implore,
Eternal Father, and thou only Son,
And thou, most holy Spirit, three in one,
Reigning for evermore.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

A CATHOLIC STORY.

COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS BY THE AUTHORESS OF MOORISH MANNERS, ETC.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

"Bigotry and Intolerance are in some degree insanities."

This narrative is not the offspring of a blind sectarian zeal which would seek to arouse anger, exasperate fanaticism, and array man against his brother; its only aim is to show that the spirit of persecution—the fierce child of intolerance and self-conceit—dwells not exclusively with any creed, whether true or false. It is, and has ever been, the companion of power. No sect, no religion, that has ever existed, have been guiltless of the wrong, having power to enforce it, of imposing its chains upon the conscience of the helpless minority. This iniquity springs not from any particular faith, but from the perverse arrogance of human nature, when pampered by prosperity. The institutions and the tone of education in this country are so free and just, that the wish to insult and misrepresent our neighbor, because of his faith, would be rare indeed, were it not for the embittering influence of the sectarian press. *There is moral treason in that influence.* It sows mistrust and rancor, where but for it mutual love and cordial unity would exist. The men who *live* by and through that influence, whose bread depends upon it, become of necessity imbued with its character, and when the power to act out their sentiments is given them, they show that to forward the aggrandizement of their particular sect, they are ready to *compel* others to sacrifice that, which as Americans they hold, for themselves, dearer than life—security of person and property, and liberty of conscience.

In the following pages we will show how American citizens, supported by the christian bounty of the American people, abused their position amid a savage but affectionate, believing, and obedient people to poison their minds against a gallant and generous nation—the steadfast friend and, in our day of trial, the benefactor, if not the savior, of American liberty. We will show how they made the Redeemer's love and their sacred mission a cloak and shield for falsehood and cruelty, and how they employed the money and trust reposed in their hands by the unsuspecting confidence of their fellow-citizens here—establishing in the Sandwich Islands, through those means, a system of government abhorrent to the American character and feelings. Yes, republicans of the United States, the men your liberality sent to teach the divine laws of truth, mercy, and love, used their talents and your bounty to mould the docile chiefs of those lovely islands into a belief that toleration was a crime and persecu-

tion the most indispensable of virtues.

There will be, as there has been before, great efforts made and the most ingenious evasions and misstatements resorted to, in order to neutralize this authentic tale, but truth, though for a while chained and derided, is immortal. A native princess—not a Catholic, be it observed—kept the various evidences of the events here recorded, and passed them to the hands of a missionary lady who, however, conceived it to be her duty to suppress the truth. They, finally, with much other undeniable evidence quite too voluminous for the size to which it is deemed advisable to reduce this narrative, passed into the hands of the editress.

For the truth of this story the public are referred to the Consuls for France and England and all the foreign residents at the Sandwich Islands. Nay, more, the Rev. Mr. Richards, whom some call "*The Government*" of the Sandwich Islands, is invited to deny under oath if he can the facts set forth. *They are true*, and no distorted accounts or artful perversions should divert a just and tolerant public from a dispassionate examination of the tendencies of violent sectarian feelings.

A CATHOLIC STORY.

A Divine Providence had opened the way for the welcome reception of Christianity at the Sandwich Islands, before the bearers of the Cross had reached their shores. The various islands—before ruled by different chiefs who waged with each other cruel and incessant war—had at last been brought under one sceptre by the Napoleon of the group, Kamehameka the First. The superstitious and absurd restrictions of the *tabu* had become so oppressive even to the chiefs that it was by common consent abolished. The influence of the native priesthood, with their cannibal and idolatrous rites, was so interwoven with the tabu that the complete fall of the one, gave a vital shock to the other. Then came a strange pestilence which with resistless and invisible hand cut down an immense number of the Islanders. The young and old, the feeble and healthy sunk alike and in a moment before the breath of the destroyer. Men arose in the morning cheerful and vigorous and were dead at noon. The friends who came in apparent health to commit them to the earth, often lay down in mortal sickness by the unfinished grave never to rise again. The sick were left untended, and the dead unburied. In vain they called upon their false gods, and offered the blood of their fellow men in the sacrifice, the terrified priests owned their weakness and impostures, and in more than one instance helped with their own hands to tear down their idols and temples. By the light and reason of awful experience had they learned to *unbelieve* idolatry, and were self-prepared to receive with joy and gratitude the pure and soul reviving truth. The evils of the *tabu*, the miseries of war, man-stealing, cannibalism, and pestilence had taught them to estimate the wisdom and beauty of mercy and love, and the first herald of Christ the Redeemer was received with joyful gratitude.

In 1819, king Kamehameka II., his brother Boki, and his prime minister received baptism at their own solicitation on board the French corvette, Urania, according to the rites of the

Catholic Church; the French commander acting as sponsor. *So the first Christian sovereign of the Sandwich Islands was a Catholic and had a French sponsor.* This should be mentioned as giving some clue to the envious bitterness with which a portion of the Protestant missionaries battled Catholicism.

In the fall of the year 1823, the King and his consort (Kamahamalo) embarked on board the British whaleship, L'Aigle, Captain Starbuck, with the intention of proceeding to England; their suite consisted of Governor Boki and his lady, Mr. Reves, French secretary, and several native attendants. The Royal family were safely landed in England, some time in May 1824, and soon after reached London, where they received every honor, attention, and hospitality from the nobility of that nation.

Her Majesty, the lamented Queen, very soon after her arrival in England, contracted an illness which baffled the skill of the most experienced physicians, and terminated her existence, after a few days confinement. During the illness of his consort, the King himself became indisposed, and though attended by the most eminent physicians, rapidly sunk under debility, and soon breathed his last, in a land of strangers.

In his last hours, whilst his senses were still unshaken, he appointed Governor Boki the representative of his nation in England, after his decease, and the guardian, in conjunction with Kalaimoku, of his young brother, (Kankeaouli) the next legal successor to the throne of Hawaii.

Boki returned to his native islands with the remains of the king and queen in H. M. frigate, Blond, Capt. Lord Byron. Mr. Reves, the confidential secretary and beloved friend of the deceased prince, was urgently requested by him during his last illness to proceed to France and induce missionaries to carry to Hawaii the blessings of civilization and Christianity.

Before Boki left England, he again pressed Mr. Reves to go to France and engage missionaries to come out to the Sandwich Islands, reminding him of the wants of his people, and promising friendship, protection, and assistance to such priests as would devote themselves to the cause.

On the 17th of November, 1826, the Rev. John Alexius Augustine Bachelot sailed from Bordeaux in the French ship Comet, Capt. Plassad, in company with two other Catholic priests, the Rev. Mr. Armand of France, and the Rev. Mr. Short, a subject of Great Britain, together with four laymen. The Comet arrived at Honolulu with the mission, July 7th, 1827, having been about eight months on the passage.

On the 8th day of July, the three priests landed from the Comet, and had a long interview with Governor Boki, who received them in the most open and friendly manner: welcomed them to these shores; told them there was no obstacle to their remaining; promised them his protection and support, and engaged to provide them with houses and land. The succeeding day the priests had a second interview with the Governor, who reiterated his previous promise and expressed more warmly than before, the satisfaction he felt, that they had safely arrived in his country. On the 10th, orders were given to have the promised house prepared for the reception of the missionaries, which they took possession of on the 12th; disembarked their effects on the succeeding day, and, on the 14th celebrated, in their own dwelling, the first mass ever performed at the Sandwich Islands. On the 15th, they were visited in the most friendly manner by several of the principal Chiefs, when their hearts were made glad, with the prospect that appeared

before them, of commencing, without difficulty the labors of their mission.

It will be understood, that at this period, Boki was the sole guardian of the king, (then a minor,) his brother Kalaimoku being dead, and as such, had an undoubted right and power to grant the Catholic missionaries liberty to remain and pursue the avocations of their calling.

It has been said by the Protestant missionaries, that when the government knew Catholic priests had come to the Islands, they were immediately ordered to leave. If such an order was issued, it came from the chieftainess Kaahumanu, who was entirely under the dictation of the Protestant missionaries, and *they* are responsible for its intolerance. No one pretends to deny they were untiring in their efforts to increase her power, or, that she was absolutely governed by their advice. But Governor Boki was legitimate authority, and he wished to keep generously the promises which had induced the Catholic missionaries "to leave all, and bring healing to the sick of heart." About the beginning of 1828, the priests moved into their new residence, and raised an humble altar to their Lord and Master. The people flocked to them for instruction, and Boki and other chiefs frequently attended divine service in their little chapel. Their success seems to have roused the sectarian jealousy of the Protestant mission, notwithstanding its infinite superiority in wealth, numbers, and political influence: "but all this availed nothing while Mordecai the Jew sat at the king's gate."

In April, 1828, Messrs. Bingham, Clark, and Chamberlain were appointed a "committee to inquire into the plans and operations of the Jesuits settled in this place." *From that period the Catholics had no peace.* Every means was resorted to, which could tend to injure the priests in the eyes of the people, and bring the Catholic mission into odium with the chiefs. They were constantly represented as deceivers and idolators, but by carefully obeying the laws, and submitting patiently to the sneers and slanders of their powerful rivals, and the vexatious insults which the chiefs were incited to heap on them, the priests continued their labors until the close of 1829.

Unfortunately for the Catholic cause, Governor Boki, in December, 1829, left his country, alas! never to return; to the hour of his embarkation, he continued the undeviating friend of the priests, and an advocate for the faith he had embraced, often had he been heard publicly to remark, that "he could see no just reason, why the ministers of the Catholic church, had not as much right to teach the doctrine they professed as the missionaries from the United States." The reins of government were soon grasped by the Queen, Kaahumanu, and then commenced the era of persecutions, tortures, banishment, and injustice, which the Protestant mission so obstinately defends, if it does not openly applaud.

Directly that Governor Boki had departed, it was observed that the Governess Kaahumanu, was, if possible, more than ever surrounded by the members of the Protestant mission. In all the affairs of the Islands, and even in her household arrangements, she invariably sought and implicitly obeyed their directions. Who, then, is answerable for the shocking persecutions of the Catholics? An ignorant savage old woman of sixty, who did not know the difference between Catholic and Protestant, (except so far as the ladies of the latter faith could give her fine bonnets and dresses,) or those men who ruled her councils; and even in this country are more remarkable for hating Catholics, than doing God service? The Governess hastened then to use her power, as her spiritual directors

advised. Mr. Bachelot was ordered not to permit the natives to attend worship in his chapel. A few of the bolder converts disregarded this order, and attended mass on the 7th of January, 1830, on which day, a band of armed ruffians *dragged him from the altar, while in the act of devotion*, by the express command of the so much praised convert, the docile pupil of the American mission, the "good and pious Governess." The evangelical labors of the priests now ceased, though the daily mass was celebrated in their private chapel.

About the end of January, 1830, Luika, a native woman, (who was baptized years before on the coast of California,) and two male converts, were most inhumanly whipped and tortured by a chief, high in the esteem of the Protestant mission, "because they would not renounce the wicked faith of Rome." The woman Luika, was afterwards visited by the Rev. Mr. Bingham, of the Protestant mission, who accused her of "worshipping images, the Virgin Mary, and the Pope," and in the most violent and abusive manner, threatened her with the severest punishments in this world and the next, if she did not repent of her *idolatry*. It is a little amusing to see how pertinaciously throughout the whole affair the Protestants persisted in knowing what Catholics believed, so much better than the Catholics themselves. If exasperating language is an evidence of the milk of human kindness, Mr. Bingham was a perpetual fountain of sweetness. His anger did not convert Luika, and the exertions of his intimate friend, the "good Governess," were equally unavailing. Luika was taken by her to Mani, *kept seven days without food* at one time, incredible as it may appear, and after nine weeks of alternate promises and insults, kindness and severity, was dismissed as incorrigible, and formally given over to the devil.

About the same time, seven native converts were torn from their friends, and sent naked to work, cutting stone on the reef in the broiling sun—a kind of labor (so executed) painful beyond description. At night their limbs were so loaded with chains, that sleep was almost out of the question. *The only crime of these men was Catholicism.* None other was ever alleged against them. At the same time, and for the same offence, six native females were condemned by Kinau (the daughter of Kamehameka II., and of course the step-daughter of his widow the Governess) to make each fifteen mats of six fathoms by five in dimension. These females, after several months' labor at their task as prisoners, though continuing firm in the Catholic faith, were liberated by the humane exertions of Liliha, (wife of Governor Boki,) and their punishment remitted. One of them was sick when the sentence was passed, and died with her young infant about a month after she had obtained her freedom.

The next act of persecution which took place, was on the person of a native, by the name of Anoloniko Kihawahine, a man noted for his exemplary deportment and mild disposition; he was a Catholic however in his belief, and for that crime, he was seized upon in the most barbarous manner, loaded with irons, and confined in the fort for the space of three months, with scarcely food sufficient to sustain nature, subjected to be kicked, spit upon, and abused by every unfeeling wretch who felt will ing to display his temperament in acts of such brutal barbarity. From this cruel torture Anoloniko was only relieved, to labor in company with twelve others, namely, Bakelio, Luakini, Pelepe Kamokuhou, Kekime Keiinekanila, (*a blind man,*) Nanakea, 70 *years of age*, males—and seven females, (one of whom was upwards of 60 years of age,) who, *for*

not renouncing their faith in the Catholic creed, and for no other cause, were compelled to labor as prisoners for eighteen long months, (associated with criminals of the lowest order,) in carrying stones to build the great wall at Waikiki.

These are the females, whom Mr. Reynolds in his account of the voyage of the Potomac, says, "were kept at hard labor building a wall, and were not permitted to enter the town, because they were Catholics, and would not change their religion for that of the missionaries at the Island,"—and for whom Mr. Bingham had "*some feelings of compassion, because of their blind hardness of heart.*" Their physical sufferings, which a word from him would have terminated, does not seem to have made a very deep impression on his tender heart.

On the 2nd day of April, 1831, a council of the chiefs was held at the fort, before which Messrs. Bachelot and Short were summoned. Without hesitation they appeared, and demanded for what cause they had been peremptorily cited. The King was not present, but an order signed by his majesty containing a sentence of expulsion, was immediately placed in the hands of Mr. Bachelot. Against such an arbitrary act of injustice he immediately protested, demanding, "if he had committed any crime, or violated any law, he might be tried for the offence, and not judged without a hearing." After some expostulation on the part of Mr. Bachelot, the order was rudely taken from his hand by one of the principal chiefs, and every effort to obtain possession of it again was ineffectual. The priests were then told that their expulsion was not intended, but that they were *invited* by the King, peaceably to return to their own country. Kaikioewa, a chief of the highest order, afterwards visited the French mission house, and reiterated the assurance, that the order for forcible expulsion was not intended.

Application was then made by Messrs. Bachelot and Short, to the masters of different vessels, to provide them with a passage, but without effect; the authorities of the island, finally, prevailed on the commander of a Prussian ship to consent to take them to China for 5000 dollars; that sum of course the priests could not pay, and consequently they were permitted to remain.

Unfortunately for the Catholics, one Hill, an Englishman, had now arrived at this island, and immediately joined with the American missionaries in the hue and cry against the priests of the Pope. He declared himself an agent of the English Episcopal Mission Society, come to these seas, for the purpose of extending the blessings of Christianity. The Protestant divines now thought they had obtained a champion, through whom, they might succeed in banishing the Catholics.

It was now decided to drive the priests out of the country at once, and that neither delay, or a hearing should be granted them. On the 9th of December, they were told they must leave the country, in a native vessel, commanded by Capt. Sumner, an Englishman, but *where they were to be taken was not communicated.* Messrs. Bachelot and Short, protested against this arbitrary proceeding, and asked in what they had violated the laws or orders of the government. All remonstrance was useless; they were in the most insulting manner driven on board, on Christmas Day. They earnestly entreated for one day more, that they might keep the Nativity of our Lord on land, but this one privilege was denied them, and the miserable ill-fitted craft was ordered to sail forthwith.

On the afternoon of the 28th of January, 1832, Capt. Sumner arrived at St. Pedro, on the coast of Califor-

nia, and the next morning, the prisoners were set ashore "on a barren strand, with two bottles of water and one biscuit, and there left on the very beach, without even a tree or shrub to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather—exposed to the fury of the wild beasts, which were heard howling in every direction, and for aught their merciless jailor could know, destined to perish before the morning. No habitation of man was nearer to them than forty miles, save a small hut, at the distance of two leagues: on the beach, then, with the wild surf breaking beneath their very feet, they passed a sleepless night, with the canopy of heaven to cover them, and the arm of Omnipotence to shield. Forty-eight hours from the time of their disembarkation, they were welcomed at the mission of St. Gabriel, where they received that kindness and sympathy from their brethren of the Cross, which in Hawaii had been denied them by the professed followers of the humble Jesus."

When the Commodore of the Potomac heard of this act of persecution, *and saw* the intolerant spirit inculcated by some of the missionaries, and the *esprit du corps* which prevented the interference of the others, "he explained to the Queen Regent Kinau (who had succeeded the old Governess, now deceased) and her chiefs, that such things were forbidden by the laws of the United States, which she was so anxious to imitate, and must be offensive to every Catholic country." The reluctance of Mr. Bingham to translate this salutary lesson to the Queen, was noticed by those present. *He sought to justify this intolerance on the score of retaliation, and instanced Spain as setting the example.* The remarks of the republican commodore had great weight with the chiefs present, and those who were suffering for conscience sake were released. The brave, and much-enduring, sailor revolted at persecutions created and encouraged by the ministers of the Gospel of Mercy, *and he ended them.* It would be difficult to convince the officers of the Potomac, that the Protestant missionaries *wished to spare* their Catholic brethren. After this, up to 1836, though bitter in words, and very industrious in *reclaiming* Catholics, bodily torture was remitted.

In March, 1836, it was found that in spite of the absence of all instruction, many converts still held to the Catholic faith, and were even communicating religious instruction in various parts of the Island.. They were instantly arraigned for this crime before the Queen, and on declining to renounce their faith, two respectable natives, Kimione Paele and Bilikou, were condemned, the former to work as a scavenger, the latter to make mud bricks for building of walls—at the same time, four females were sentenced, each one to make 15 mats, (all of them of a size to cover a large room,) which they completed in four months, and were then liberated. Kimone Paele, not only had to perform the office of scavenger, but was loaded with chains around the neck, the waist, and the legs—he was *beaten in the most cruel manner, kicked, trampled, and spit upon, by native members of the Protestant church, celebrated for their piety and devotion to the missionaries.*

Kimione had endured his sufferings about three months, when his wife, Maria Ana Kamakai, *an old woman of sixty years*, was forcibly brought from the village of Walanei, about forty miles distant, and condemned by the inquisitorial court, *for being a Catholic*, to labor with her husband at his filthy employment. *At night, this wretched pair were chained together by the hand and the foot, with no place on which to rest, but the cold earth, and no food to sus-*

tain nature but the offals rejected by prisoners of an higher order. In March, the succeeding year, 1837, Valeriano Kinapapa, an old and infirm man who well remembers Captain Cook, was brought to the justice hall, and sentenced to work with Kimione and his wife, as a scavenger.

Kimione, his aged wife, and the still more aged Valeriano, were compelled as scavengers, to remove *with their hands,* the ordure and filth from a public place devoted to the use of the soldiers. This and other revolting offices forced upon them by the lash, were performed for even months and years—and when their friends begged the missionaries to intercede for them, they refused, saying, "they must not interfere with the course of the laws. It is the mission and its friends who are heard by the American public, and thus truth is glossed over, almost denied; but, if the Catholics had so treated the Protestants at the Sandwich Islands, America and England would have rung with the tale. It would have made the staple for ten thousand sermons and editorials against popery, and finally, with a little varnishing, settled down as a standing item of school literature.

In September, 1836, the Rev. Robert Walsh, a Catholic priest, but a subject of Great Britain, came a passenger in the brig Garafilia from Valparaiso. His arrival caused no little stir at the mission. The Queen forbade his landing, and the captain of the brig was ordered not to deliver his effects. The British Consul, however, protected him from personal violence, (though he could not from incessant annoyance,) and demanded that his right as a British citizen should be respected, although he was a Catholic priest. On the Sabbath, the people were solemnly warned from the pulpit, "to beware of the false doctrines of this impostor, and on no account to suffer him to remain on the Island. The arrival of the Acteon, captain Lord Russell, put an end to open personal hostility to Mr. Walsh, and formal permission to remain was accorded him by the government, *provided he did not attempt to teach his religion.* They even wished to apply this restriction to a little Spanish boy he had brought with him from Valparaiso.

On the 8th of October, the French ship of war, La Bonité, Capt. Vaillant, arrived at Oahu. Capt. V. was not long in hearing of the perfidious cruelty practised towards Bachelot and Short and their converts, and without hesitation declared that his government would not permit a French citizen, who had been invited to come to the Sandwich Islands by its sovereign, to be thus ejected without any reason except the having fulfilled the intention of that invitation. The King (now come into authority) solemnly pledged his word to Capt. Vaillant that it was not in accordance with his wishes, but was entirely the work of the Queen Governess, over whom the influence of the missionaries was absolute, and who had no regard to his opinion if it conflicted with their advice. The King also gave his free consent to the return of the banished priests, and received in good part the admonition of Capt. Vaillant, who assured him that France would not pass unnoticed a repetition of their treatment of Messrs. Bachelot and Short. The Bonité sailed Oct. 24th, the day after the arrival of the Actéon, and on the 17th of April, 1837, Messrs. Bachelot and Short arrived at Honolulu from the coast of California, having been apprised of the effectual intercession of Capt. Vaillant in their behalf. The Catholic converts were still suffering hunger, thirst, stripes, and chains. The foreign residents and visitors could not, and the missionaries would not, interpose for

their release. The re-appearance of the Catholic priests on those shores was the signal for new violence and still greater enormities. Were the American missionaries, "the representatives," as they boasted themselves, "of three chartered societies," to be set at nought by two poor and friendless priests? They soon showed they were not. In the face of the assurances of the King to Capt. Vaillant, and that officer's warning that French citizens were not to be treated like felons without cause, the Catholic missionaries were ordered to return in the same vessel in which they came, the British Brig, Clementine, Capt. Hanly. Mr. Bachelot was also ordered to sign a paper admitting that he and Mr. Short had been banished from the Island for *inciting rebellion.* Mr. Bachelot refused of course to sign the paper, but promised to leave the country when a vessel should offer bound to some civilized port. The "pious" Governess then decided to put them on board the Clementine by force. The English Consul and Mr. Dudoit, the owner of the Clementine, informed the Governess that if she attempted to seize that vessel as a transport ship, they would haul down the British colors, abandon her to the Sandwich Island government, and apply to England for redress.

While this was going on, every indignity and vexation was continually heaped upon the heads of the unoffending priests. The object was to worry them into a consent to depart in the Clementine, but those gentlemen conceiving the interests of the Catholic mission to be reposed in their hands, resolved to endure patiently unto the end, that it might not be said they willingly left their flock.

On the 20th of May, a number of native police officers went to the French Mission House, and ordered Messrs. Bachelot and Short to go at once on board the Clementine: now chartered by an American gentleman and partly loaded for a foreign port.

Before leaving their dwelling, Mr. Short addressed a letter to the British Consul, informing him that he had been threatened to be forcibly embarked on board the Clementine, against which injustice he solemnly protested, as a violation of the rights of a British subject, secured to him by the treaty of Lord Russel. "I protest against it also," continued Mr. Short, "as a violation of the common laws of humanity, to compel any unoffending individual to embark, in the low state of health to which I am at present reduced. It would expose me to an imminent danger of death. I therefore feel myself bound to claim your protection against the violence offered to my person." Mr. Bachelot, also, addressed a communication to Mr. Dudoit, giving him information of the threatened outrage, in which he says, "your vessel is under English colors, I am a Frenchman, and therefore protest against the violence threatened, and against any part you might take in allowing me to be received on board against my wish, and for which I shall hold you responsible, being determined to seek for redress from my country." To which Mr. Dudoit immediately replied, "I have received your protestation of this day against the violence threatened your person, by the order, to embark on board of my vessel. I declare to you, that, I take no part whatever in that violence, and that I will not, by any means, receive you on board. I have given my orders to that effect, and if contrary to my expectations, my rights are violated, by forcing you on board the Clementine, I have and do declare my vessel seized by this Government, and am determined to have recourse for satisfaction to the means prescribed by the laws of nations."

The police officers tarried till about

3 P. M. when they informed Mr. Short and Mr. Bachelot, that it was time to depart; those gentlemen then gave themselves up, and were conducted like condemned criminals, through a dense crowd of natives to the wharf, where a small boat had been detained to convey them on board. In the presence of several gentlemen, who were near, the Catholic priests demanded of the officer attending, if they were prisoners, he replied, yes, and placing his hand upon their shoulders, ordered them into the boat; when they had approached near to the Clementine, the mate, in command, ordered them off, and assured the native officer, that no person could be forced on board of the brig whilst he had charge.

The boat then returned to the shore, where a force had been collected to prevent the priests from again landing; Mr. Dudoit had now arrived at the wharf and repaired immediately on board, the boat with the prisoners followed, when Mr. Dudoit, the owner, and now master of the Clementine, stated to the government officer, that the persons in his custody would not be received, unless they came voluntarily; the officer, however, gave no heed to this information, but rudely forced his prisoners on board. Mr. Dudoit, perceiving that two of the guns at the fort, were loaded and pointed towards his vessel, with the slow matches burning, not willing to contend against such unequal force, and anxious to prevent the effusion of blood, seeing the murderous intention of the natives, very properly hauled down the English ensign, which was flying at the mast head of his brig, and gathering its folds under his arm, left the vessel with his crew. The Clementine was thus abandoned by all but the two prisoners and their servant, an infirm old man, who would not desert them. The wharves were guarded by soldiers to prevent their landing and keep off visitors. None but Mr. Walsh was permitted to visit the brig, which became their prison from the 20th of May to the 10th of July, when they were brought on shore through *foreign* interference.

On the 8th of July, 1837, H. B. M. Ship, Sulphur, Capt. Belcher, anchored in the harbor. The same day, the situation of Mr. Short was communicated to the British commander who instantly demanded his release. On the 10th, while Capt. Belcher was preparing to bring his compatriot from the Clementine by force if necessary, the Venus, a French first-class frigate, commanded by Capt. Du Petit Thouars, cast anchor in the outer roads. The two commanders had a conference, and resolving on prompt measures, proceeded directly to the council chamber of the chiefs, and made a formal and determined request, in the name of the sovereigns of France and England, that the imprisonment of their subjects should instantly terminate or good reason be shown for its continuance. The Governess, through her interpreter Mr. Bingham, insisted on the propriety of her course, and to the astonishment of civilized officers, the Rev. gentleman warmly justified her treatment of the Catholics. He, an American citizen, *thought toleration an evil not to be endured.*

The Commanders of the ships of war, finding remonstrance and persuasion of no effect, left the assembly of chiefs, determined to act as the imperative sense of justice demanded. At about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, they proceeded to the wharf, accompanied by several officers from the Sulphur and Venus, attended by many of the most respectable foreign residents, where a boat which was in readiness, under charge of an officer from the Sulphur and a body of marines, was ordered

to proceed to the Clementine and to bring on shore the prisoners.

In a few minutes Messrs. Bachelot and Short were landed, warmly greeted by their numerous friends, and welcomed by the two gallant naval commanders, who escorted them to the residence of Mr. Dudoit, where all united in expressing their satisfaction at the event which had taken place.

The Clementine was dispatched the same evening, by order of Capt. Belcher, in command of an officer from his ship, to the Island of Maui, with a request to the King, that he would, if possible, repair to this place with as little delay as might be convenient.

On the 20th the King arrived, and the succeeding day gave an audience to Captains Belcher and Du Petit Thouars; Mr. Bingham appeared as interpreter, but was positively objected to, by the commanders of the Sulphur and Venus. The Rev. Mr. Andrews then offered his services and, we believe, officiated to the satisfaction of both parties. Capt. Du Petit Thouars explained to the King the impropriety, injustice, and illegality of the first banishment of the Catholic priests, and the inhumanity of his present conduct in treating them, without any trial, like convicted criminals, and ended by demanding permission for Bachelot and Short to remain on the Island. This was refused, for the King's advisers were sitting behind him, and he often turned and spoke to them in his own language during the conference, which lasted eight hours. It was at last agreed that the priests might remain until a vessel bound to some civilized port should leave, when the commanders pledged themselves they would depart without farther opposition.

At the last meeting Capt. Du Petit Thouars had with the chiefs, he was asked by the King, if he was satisfied, he answered emphatically in the negative, and assured his Majesty that a faithful representation would be made to the Sovereign of France, who would not fail to manifest a sense of his high displeasure.

On the evening of the 24th, both ships sailed; during their visit, no salutes had been exchanged and no civilities extended on either side, freedom however had been given to the captives, and the naval commanders carried with them the good wishes of the unprejudiced part of the foreign community at Honolulu.

Throughout the whole proceeding, it must be observed, there is no pretence of any cause of complaint against these gentlemen other than their faith, and that the American mission constantly refused to do anything in their behalf. On the 30th of October, Mr. Short sailed for Valparaiso in the brig Peru, and three days after the Europa from Valparaiso, via Tahaita, arrived, having on board the Rev. Louis Maigret and Mr. Murphy, a layman, destined for the French mission in the Pacific. Here was another source of consternation. As soon as it was known that a Catholic priest was actually on board, the Europa was forbidden to come to anchor until the authorities were consulted. The Captain and Owner, who was on board, waited on the Governess and with great difficulty obtained her permission to enter the harbor, even upon condition of forfeiting $10,000 if the Catholic priest should land. Mr. Dudoit, the Agent for France, represented to her that she had bound herself by a formal treaty to give French citizens the same privileges of transit or residence which the subjects of other nations possessed at the Islands, *provided they did not attempt to give religious instruction to the natives*, which he was willing to become surety Mr. Maigret would not attempt. This would not satisfy the

Governess and her spiritual guides—"the priest could in no wise be suffered to pollute the soil with his idolatrous footsteps."

As the Europa was not bound to a point which suited the views of either Mr. Bachelot or Mr. Maigret and the authorities would hear of no delay, those gentlemen were forced to buy the Honolulu, a small vessel of thirty tons, to convey them from this land of persecution. On the 17th of November, 1837, Mr. Maigret was removed on board the Honolulu without having been suffered to land. On the 23d, Mr. Bachelot, whose long continued sufferings had brought on a wasting sickness, feeble and emaciated as he was, with his reason impaired, and his very life hanging on a precarious thread, was driven by Christian men on board this miserable little vessel, the accommodations of which, were better calculated for the kennel of a dog, than the habitation of man. Sick as was this persecuted man, with the assistance of his friends, he succeeded in walking to the beach, not a murmur escaped his lips, and when he was placed on board the little vessel and turned to take the last farewell of his friends and associates, it was evident that the exertion had been too much, nature appeared exhausted, the finger of death was visibly pressing hard upon this servant of God, and none, who were present, doubted for a moment but his voyage would be of short duration.

On the same day, the Honolulu sailed with her proscribed passengers, and, as had been anticipated, Mr. Bachelot hourly became more debilitated, till exhausted with pain and misery, he finally sunk under his disease, and, in eleven days after leaving port, closed his earthly career. His body was preserved and finally deposited on the Island of Ascension, where it now rests. His humble tomb there stands the monument of his exalted character, and though it may seldom meet the eye of civilization, it will remain beneath the canopy of heaven, an abiding testimony, that even in the nineteenth century and in the hearts of American citizens, bigotry, intolerance, and cruelty can find a resting place. Let none affect to doubt this simple story, the American Mission at the Sandwich Islands *dare not call on the name of God and deny its truth!*

FATHERS AND WRITERS OF THE CHURCH.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

FROM *I* TO *L*.

IGNATIUS St., first the disciple of Saint Peter, and afterwards his successor in the See of Antioch, after Evodius, anno 70; and was martyred at Rome, in 108, under the Emperor Trajan. He wrote seven epistles, to the christians of Smyrna, to St. Polycarp, to the Ephesians, to the Magnesians, to the Philadelphians, to the Trallians, and to the Romans. In these, many of the dogmata of faith, especially the divinity of Christ and

the real presence in the Eucharist, are confirmed.

Idlefonsus St., Bishop of Toleto, died in the year 667. He was distinguished for his tender devotion to the B. V. Mary, and celebrated her praises in a manner which has made him renowned in the church.

Jerome St., born on the confines of Dalmatia and Pannonia, about the year 329, was ordained Priest by Paulinus of Antioch, in 378, and died in 410. He was the scourge of the heretics of his times, and confounded Vigilantius, Helvidius, Jovinian—the Luciferians, the Pelagians, and the Origenists. He was master of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages—a glorious model of all virtues, and is styled by St. Prosper, "*Magister Mundi.*"

Joachim, Abbot of the Cistercian Order, born in Calabria, and flourished in the twelfth century. His work against some of the opinions of the "Master of Sentences," was condemned by the Council of Lateran: but his person was left uncensured, because, while living, he had submitted it to the decision of the Holy See.

John Cassian, by birth a Scythian, educated in the monastery of Bethlehem, visited the monasteries of Egypt in which, he had frequent conversations with the Fathers on ascetical subjects, which constitute the matter of his Conferences. He was ordained Deacon at Constantinople by St. Chrysostom, and Priest, by Innocent I., after the sack of Rome by Alaric. He died in 448, according to Labbœus. He composed various works both ascetical and polemical.

John Climacus St., so called from a work entitled *Climax*, which in Greek means *ladder*. He died, after passing sixty years in the monastery of Mount Sinai, about the year 606.

John Damascus St., so called from his native place, flourished in the eighth century, towards the end of which he died. He contended in favor of the veneration of sacred images, against Leo the Isaurian, Constantine Copronymus, and other Iconiclasts. He wrote several theological works against the Eutycheans and Nestorians.

John Duns Scott, an Irishman, of the order of St. Francis, styled the Subtle Doctor. He was the staunch vindicator of the immaculate conception of the B. Virgin, and flourished in the eleventh century. He died at Cologne, in November 1308. He has left behind him many monuments of his learning and genius. He must not be confounded with *John Scott Erigena*, who lived in the ninth century, whose works are filled with crude and heretical doctrines.

John Gerson, a native of Rheims in France, Doctor of Paris, and afterwards Chancellor of the University, in 1414. He was present at the Council of Constance, as Legate of the King of France, after which, he spent the remainder of his life at Lyons, in writing, and instructing children. He died in 1429, and was buried in the church of St. Lawrence. He was distinguished for his piety towards St. Joseph and the B. V. Mary.

John Picus Mirandulus, a native of Italy. In his boyhood, he was adorned with both bodily and mental accomplishments almost to a miraculous degree. When twenty-three years old, he proposed, and promised to defend publicly, nine hundred questions in mathematics, dialectics, metaphysics, &c. To these all the learned men of Europe were invited, he himself offering to defray their expenses; but, by the authority of Pope Innocent VIII., the disputation was prevented.

John a Turre Cremata, a Spaniard, of the order of St. Dominick, Doctor of Paris, Master of the Sacred Palace, struggled against the Hussites in the Council of Basle, and in that of Florence against Mark of

Ephesus. In the year 1439, he was created Cardinal; he discharged several embassies for the prosperity of the Holy See—distinguished himself by his prudence and virtues, and died, an Octagenarian, in 1469.

Jonas, bishop of Arles, in the ninth century; he wrote an "Apologeticus" against Claudius of Tours, an Iconiclastic Bishop. He died in 843.

Josephus, by birth a Jew, and a Priest of the Synagogue, was renowned, not only among his own people, but likewise among the Romans, insomuch, that, according to Eusebius, a statue was erected to him at Rome, and his works, transcribed by Titus himself, were deposited in the public library. He renders a noble tribute to Jesus Christ, in the fourth chapter of the eighteenth book of the *Antiquities of the Jews.* He died towards the end of the first century.

Irenæus St., the disciple of St. Polycarp, and afterwards bishop of Lyons. He was martyred about the year 200. He wrote many works in Greek, among which his work against heresies is the most celebrated.

Isidore, a Spaniard, and successor to Saint Leander his brother, in the episcopal dignity. He died in 636. He presided over several Councils, especially the fourth of Toledo. By the eighth Council of Toledo, he was styled, *Ecclesiæ Catholicæ novissimum decus*—the latest ornament of the Catholic Church.

Isidore St., of Peluse, a priest and monk, renowned for his sanctity and erudition, flourished in the fifth century. There are extant from his pen, two thousand epistles, short indeed, but replete with learning.

Julianus Pomerius, a native of Mauritania, in Africa, and ordained priest, at Arles in France, towards the beginning of the sixth century. He wrote three books on the contemplative life.

Justinian the Emperor. He reigned from the year 527 to 565. He was the author of many documents relating to the church, and was the unyielding opponent of the Nestorians and Eutycheans. He convoked the fifth Œumerical Council, with the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff, in which the "three chapters" were condemned. The *Institutes* or code of Justinian are famous among civilians.

Justin St., a philosopher, converted to christianity about the year 133, and died a martyr in 140. Among other writings, he composed two *Apologies* for the Christians, the first in 140, and the second a short time before his death.

Juvencus, a Spanish priest—he composed a poem in four books, on the life of Christ, about the year 330.

FROM THE NEW MIRROR.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TYRONE POWER.

Power took great pains to ascertain the condition of his poorer countrymen all over the United States, and for this purpose it was his custom, wherever he travelled, to enter into familiar conversation with them, whether they were farmers, laborers, carriage-drivers, waiters, or pavers. Understanding them all so thoroughly as he did, every latent spark of

genius or wit, which any of them possessed, was not long hidden from his practised eye; and by the time he had traversed the country from New-York to New-Orleans and back, he had not only a most accurate conception of the position of the working Irish, but his head also was stored with the richest specimens of genuine humor, picked up here and there. Many a delighful hour have I spent in listening to his anecdotes, to which the richnesss of his brogue, (when he spoke *a la Irish*,) added irresistible attraction; and I am only sorry that my memory will not now yield all that it once possessed.

On his second visit to Richmond, a friend of his insisted upon introducing him to a poor Irish couple, who were an honor to their country; and from him he learned the following particulars: In the year 1831, there arrived in Virginia a gentleman, his wife, and one young daughter, from Ireland, bringing with them as servants Patrick M— and Judy his wife. The gentleman had been unfortunate in his business at home, and came to America to seek fortune anew, full of hopes, and believing all the flattering stories he had heard of our prosperity. He was induced to remove to the interior of Alabama, soon after his arrival, to undertake the management and share in the profits of a plantation; and being told that slave labor alone would answer there, he reluctantly parted with Patrick and Judy in Richmond; but not until the former had procured a good situation as a cartman, and his wife as an in-door servant. Two years passed away, and meantime Patrick had prospered in the world, having laid by some two hundred dollars in his employer's hands. One morning he entered the office, with an agitated countenance, and asked to see "the master." The latter called him into his private room, and inquired what he wanted. "Sir," replied he, "I hope your honor will not take offence if I be after axing for a trifle of money, and your honor's leave to take a bit of a journey for a short time." "Why, surely," said his master, "you are not going to leave me! what do you mean?" "Oh, God forbid," replied Pat, "that I should be such an ungrateful fool; only for a couple of weeks, and to do a service to them that has the best claims on me." "Pray, explain," said the master, "for I am puzzled beyond measure." "Why you see, sir," replied Pat, "a neighbor of mine has just come from Alabama, and he called to see my *ould* master and mistress, and Miss Jane, at their place near Montgomery, they call it; but oh, sir, *warn't* they stone dead of the *faver* afore he got there—that's the master and mistress I *mane*—and sure if he didn't find Miss Jane (the *cratur*) out at *sarvice*, as I may say, in another family: she that never knew what it was to want bit or sup before, nor to stitch, nor to wash the *chaney*. And so when I heard this, I *tould* Judy—your honor would have thought the heart of both of us would burst at once; and when poor Judy could *spake*, 'Go,' says she, 'to his honor, (*maning* you,) who is the *raal* gentleman, and ax him for enough money to buy a little wagon and provisions, and be off with you to Alabama at once, and find out Miss Jane and bring her home with you; for I'll have no *pace* until she's *to the fore*, in our own lodging, where I can tend her *meself*.' And so you see I must do the wife's bidding and *me* own, and if your honor will just *lend* me a hundred and fifty dollars of the money in your hands, sure I'll return you all I don't spend; and the blessing of God and St. Patrick will be on your head." It was in vain that his employer represented to him the folly of his taking such a Quixotic journey; that he doubted whether he could ever find the place; that he begged

him first to let him write to some person at Montgomery, to make inquiries after the young girl, and await the reply. No, nothing would satisfy Patrick, and Judy but the money. At length the gentleman was obliged to give him one hundred and fifty dollars, with which he purchased a cheap wagon, laid in a stock of provisions, and took the balance to pay his travelling expenses. Within two days he was on the road to Alabama; and in about a month, to the unbounded joy of Judy, and to the no small surprise of his employer, Patrick returned in safety with Miss Jane! She was at once taken to their humble lodgings, where Judy waited on her as in former days; would not permit her to do any hard work, procured teachers for her, and in fact obliged her to eat her meals alone, and not demean herself, as she termed it, by eating at the same table with them. She and Patrick always called her "Miss Jane," and acted with just as much respect towards this forlorn girl, as if she was still at her father's house and possessed of property. Power accompanied his friend to see her, after having heard this story; his feelings warmly excited, and proud of his country people. In the course of his visit, he expostulated with Judy for still bringing up Jane as a lady, as he said she must by-and-by work for her living; and that, therefore, it would be more humane to make her a companion, and teach her household work, and let her forget that she was superior to her protectors. Judy would scarcely let him finish his remarks, before she indignantly exclaimed, "What! sir, *you* an Irish gentleman, and give me such advice! Sure your honor is not *sarious!* What! let Miss Jane, a born lady, use her hands like *one of us!* Never, sir, while a dollar remains, and Pat can work! Isn't it proud we are to think she stays with us? and what would they say at home when they hear of it? And won't she marry a gentleman when she grows up? and never a finer lady in the land; and sure the curse of God would be upon us, if we didn't do *our duty by her!* Oh! sir, don't *thry* to persuade me, for I won't listen to it; and if you're a *thrue* Irish gentleman, you know what I'm doing is right!" After this touching appeal, Power not only desisted, but gave this good woman the greatest praise for her devotion to her old mistress' child; and he left her humble dwelling with tears in his eyes. He never went to Richmond afterwards without visiting Judy, and inquiring after "Miss Jane;" and during one of his visits, he heard the following characteristic anecdote of Judy. It appears that she was an excellent seamstress, and as such found employment and good wages in the house of a lady of wealth and respectability. This lady belonged to the presbyterian church, of which she was a zealous member; and having imbibed, to their full extent, the peculiarly obstinate prejudices of that sect against Roman catholics, she soon began to consider it as a matter of religious duty, that she should faithfully endeavor to convert poor Judy from the deadly errors of popery! This feeling in her arose from genuine charity, although misplaced, for nothing could exceed her kindness in all other respects to Judy; and the latter, respecting the motive, took no offence at the extraordinary vigor with which the good lady pushed her arguments. Judy was unlettered—she could neither read nor write; but having, like all her Catholic country people, early imbibed *Catholic feelings*, she presented as immovable a faith as if it had been established by the most logical deduction, and flanked by the most erudite readings of the Fathers! However, Mrs. B—— commenced her attacks at first gently; and finding that Judy neither replied nor argued, she went

on more briskly, until she reached the most powerful arguments of the ablest Protestant controversialists! It was her custom, every forenoon, while Judy plied the needle, to sit by and read for one or two hours, out of these learned authors; and, adopting the generally received axiom that "*silence* gives consent," she at length flattered herself, after some three months' exertion, that Judy was in the full tide of successful conversion! One morning, when Judy had taken her seat as usual, Mrs. B—— with an unusually frank and smiling countenance, turned to her and said, "Well, Judy, I am going to give you a great treat this morning." "Thank you kindly, ma'am; what might it be?" meekly inquired Judy. "Why, I am about to read to you out of the works of a *Roman Catholic author*, and one who, *although a Roman Catholic*, was, I believe, a *real Christian*, and has gone to heaven." Judy could scarcely believe her ears; it was the first time Mrs. B—— had ever admitted that any Roman Catholic could get to heaven. Her eyes lit up, and she said, "Many thanks, my lady, for that, any how!" But Mrs. B—— fearing she had gone too far, thought it necessary to qualify her liberality by adding, "I ought to have told you, Judy, that the author I mean is Sir Thomas More, who died three hundred years ago; and that, therefore, *his* having remained a papist, is no excuse whatever for *you*. *He* lived in a dark age; but had he lived *now*, and with all the advantages which *you* possess, he would most certainly have given up popery, and joined our church!" Poor Judy thought it too hard that Mrs. B—— should thus lessen the force of the testimony she had just before borne to the memory of the good Sir Thomas, especially as it was the only kind thing she had ever said of a Catholic; she therefore could no longer keep silence, but clasping her hands together, exclaimed, with much enthusiasm, "Oh, madam, only think of *the goodness of God, that took him away in the right time!*" Thus, in one moment, pious Mrs. B——'s arguments were completely upset, by the native shrewdness of the unlearned Judy.

Power used to take infinite pleasure in relating the history of Patrick and Judy, and Miss Jane, to *Americans*, to whom he would exclaim at the close: "Now, gentlemen, show me a more striking instance of not merely gratitude, but noble-hearted kindness in any rank of life, or in any country! You may call us ignorant, and uncivilized if you please, but I tell you, in *point of heart*, no peasantry on earth equals the Irish; no matter how poor a man may be; reduced, perhaps, to the last meal of potatoes, yet if the half-starved beggar, worse off still than he, crosses his mud-threshold, the best potatoe in the pot, and the warmest seat on the hob, are offered to him at once, and cheerfully too! It was this same lovely feeling of charity which moved poor Pat to expend his money for Miss Jane, and which induced Judy to bring her up as a lady; there was no prospect of remuneration; she was a lonely orphan, and would be a tax to them for years; nothing less, therefore, than *the love of the virtue* itself, actuated these unlettered 'mere Irish!'"

It was not, I believe, generally known, that Power was a Roman Catholic. In fact, I was not aware of it myself, until one day at a large dinner-party given to him, where all the guests but himself were Protestants, some observations *against* Popery, were made by a gentleman present. Power instantly arrested the speaker in a good-natured but serious way. "Stop, my good sir, don't run so fast, perhaps you are not aware that there is an humble defender of that faith present;" and seeing us all

stare rather doubtingly, he added, "yes, gentlemen, altho' an unworthy member of the *ould* church, yet I am a sincere one; and if I do not attend to my duties as I ought to do, it is not for want of knowledge; I cannot plead *disbelief*, I cannot *ridicule* my religion, nor have it abused by others, without defending it. And let me tell you, Protestants as you are, you cannot avoid doing homage to the learning and piety of the early Fathers; ay, and to the despised churchmen who, in what you call the 'dark ages,' preserved the Holy Scriptures from destruction, who fought against your temporal kings *for* liberty very often, and most successfully; altho' it is the *modern* fashion to decry them as the constant abettors of tyranny; bad men there were, and too many of them in the church in every age; so was there a Judas among the apostles; but I tell you, that you Protestants owe much more to 'mother church' than you have ever given her credit for; has not she kept your faith sound and orthodox in all *material points*, and as to what you call her *superstitions*, believe me, they are full of poetry, and in some measure necessary to draw out the feelings of the *millions*, *the poor and despised lower classes.* And I ask, can any man of generous feeling; I care not how much opposed he may be to Popery—as you call it; can any man withhold from the Irish people his unbounded admiration at the constancy with which they have clung to their *despised church!* Pains and penalties, bribery, the gallows, transportation, acts of Parliament, general and special, wars, famine, in fact every known spring of human action, have been tried to make them abandon the faith of St. Patrick, but in vain! How stands the case at this moment? Your English church, with all the tithes and all the lands of the Catholic church, all the patronage of the government, and with learned men enough, has succeeded, to be sure, in *retaining* 800,000 members out of eight millions; the Presbyterians count about as many more, and *we are the balance!* No law exists to oblige us either to go to mass or pay our clergy; and yet our chapels are not large enough to contain the congregation of steady worshipers, and our priests and bishops are decently supported, not pampered with large incomes, but kept above want. Now if we are to apply the democratic rule of *majorities*, by my faith, I think *we* must be right, and *you* all wrong. But, come, this is too serious a discussion for a dinner-table, and, therefore, I will end the theological part of our entertainment, by giving you a *successful instance of conversion* which took place in the county Tipperary last year. You must know that there has been going on in Ireland latterly, what the pious evangelical call the '*second reformation*,' and the zeal for making converts from Rome, has at length reached some of the nobility; Lord S—— is amongst the number, and finding that he made no headway among his Catholic tenantry, by sermons or tracts, or argument, he finally thought of a more energetic mode of proceeding. You are probably aware that in Ireland, it is all important to a poor farmer to get a renewal of his lease, as there is not land enough for *all* the applicants; his landlord, therefore, has him at his mercy whenever the lease expires. Lord S—— had an old tenant who had been born on the estate, and his father before him, and whose lease expired just as the religious mania for making converts was at its highest point; this man, whose name was Michael Murphy, had three sons, and it therefore was to him a matter of life or death to retain his farm. When he called on Lord S—— to arrange about the renewal, his lordship thus addressed him: 'Well, Michael, I am glad to see you; you

have always been a good tenant and an honest man; but Michael, with all my desire to serve you, I must not forget my duty to the Protestant cause; it is wrong for me to patronize Popery on my estate, and therefore, before I renew your lease, you must promise to renounce your errors and join our church.' Poor Michael was thunder-struck; he was, though an ignorant man, a devout Catholic; and as soon as he could speak, he threw himself on his knees, burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'Oh my lord, my lord, don't be so hard on me entirely; don't be after destroying *me sowl* entirely; sure, wasn't I born on your noble father's place, and my father before me; and haven't I grown up with your lordship! and think what a cruel thing it would be, afther I have been travelling the *right road for over sixty years, to ax me now to take the wrong one!* Oh! may the blessed Virgin soften your lordship's heart this day, and unsay that word.' The orthodoxy of his lordship could not withstand this unaffected appeal to his good feelings, he therefore said, 'Well, Michael, I do pity you; you are an old man, you had no education, you cannot be blamed, perhaps, for following the errors of your youth, therefore, I excuse *you*; but upon the condition that you give up one of your boys, for I have set my heart upon a convert from your family, and I must insist on this.' 'God ever bless your lordship,' replied Michael, 'that's a more *reasonable* proposal, and so I'll go home and consult my *ould* woman, and whatever she agrees to, I'll do.' 'Very well,' said Lord S——. 'Go home to your wife, and come back to-morrow with your answer.' The morrow came, and so did Michael looking quite composed. 'Well, Michael, what does Peggy say,' asked Lord S——. 'Faith, my lord, replied Michael, 'Peggy thinks it will answer mighty well, and so she agrees to your lordship's request, and many thanks to you for *letting me off*.' Lord S——was overjoyed at this speedy success of his new plan, but inasmuch as it was the first convert he had ever made, he was curious to hear by what process of reasoning Michael had induced Peggy to consent; he therefore asked: 'But, Michael, what did you say to Peggy, and what did she say to you? come tell me all that passed.' 'Why then, plase your lordship,' returned Michael, 'when I got home, we sat down over the fire, and I just out and *tould* her all your lordship said to me, and *axed* her what we were to do.' 'Well Michael,' says she, 'shure it will never answer for you to give up this bit of ground, as 'tis our only support, and so we must just give up one of the poor boys to be made a Protestant of, (the Lord save us from harm!)' 'And Peggy,' says I, 'I thought as much myself, but which of the boys shall we give up.' 'Oh,' says she at once, 'I'll fax it, shure there's our son Pat, and you know *he's going to the devil any how, and faith he may as well go through the Protestant church as any other way!*' This was the first and last *convert* made by his lordship; and I understand he has now nearly regained his common sense, having discovered that *good* Catholics are rather better than *bad* Protestants!"

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE ORPHAN'S APPEAL.

Written for an Orphans' Fair.

BY N. J. KEEFE.

Though few my years yet I have tasted deep,
Of drear affliction's bitter, chilling stream;
And my young eye has long since learn'd to weep,
The loss of Fortune's cheering, sunny beam.

No flow'rets deck my early path of life,
But thorns are there, which pierce me to the heart;
Alas! my weary way's with sorrow rife,
And keen I feel misfortune's cruel dart.

I had a mother once, upon whose breast,
I lean'd my infant head in sweet repose,
And there, each care of mine was lulled to rest,
By those sweet smiles, a mother only knows.

She taught my lips the holy art of prayer,
When half form'd accents issued from my tongue;
And learn'd my heart with all a mother's care,
To love its God, while yet that heart was young.

I had a father too, whose kindly voice,
Would fall delightful on my listening ear;
Whose presence would my little heart rejoice,
And make it beat with joy when he was near.

But they are taken from their boy away,
And slumber coldly in the silent tomb;
They do not hear their orphan's plaint to-day,
Nor know he's wrapt in sorrow's starless gloom.

A mighty, steadfast friend there dwells on high,
Who'll guide the orphan through misfortune's storm;
Who'll dry his tears, becalm the rising sigh,
And from the tempest shield his fragile form.

Inspir'd by Him, a servant of the Cross
Comes nobly forth to be our ready friend;
Full well does he supply the orphans' loss,
And with the pastor, does the parent blend.

Oh, ye! on whom kind Providence has smil'd,
Assist this man of God—his aim is good;
He seeks to raise affliction's hapless child,
And give his mind, as well as body, food.

You will not then, your timely aid refuse,
When such a cause is laid before your sight;
'Tis *Education* pleads, and says diffuse,
Among this orphan band, my blessed light.

Accept, kind friends, a child of want's farewell,
Who hopes that his appeal is not in vain;
Who trusts to have the glowing truth to tell,
That *you* have made his prospects bright again.

Then, will the orphans' ardent prayers ascend,
To that pure seat of joy and happiness,
Whose Judge delights, His blessings to extend
To those, who help his children in distress.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

AN EULOGY ON POETRY.

BY A LADY.

True poetry has a beautiful alliance with the best affections of man. Milton says, that of "all the gifts of intellect bestowed upon man, poetical intellect is the most transcendent;" it calls forth the purest, sublimest feelings of which we are capable. The enthusiasm awakened by an acute perception, struggles, within the deepest recesses of the mind, till no longer to be confined, it bursts forth, the beautiful creation—as the flower, after maturing itself within its calyx like prison, flings off its envelope, and expands to the light and heat of the genial sun—so break forth the feelings, ardent and intense from their mystic realms, the freed spirit of the mind. In the deepest recesses of the human soul, is the genius of poetry nourished—it receives here its immortal vigor, and plumes the wing for heavenly flight—it lies within the soul apparently dormant, till its energies are quickened—then the voice of the soul is heard—the golden harp resounds, and entrancing and entranced the heart's chords vibrate to the melody—the Promethean fire of genius, lights up with its thousand scintillating beams, and gives a form and a figure to the wild and beautiful ideal. Poetry is the great assimilator, the mighty magician, that creates new affinities, reconciles discordants, and blends seeming incongruities into one bright and beautiful whole—it refines and exalts the mind, and renders it peculiarly sensitive to the beauties of religion—its venerated solemnities—its sublimity of representation, open a world to our view—a heaven of glory and delight, on which the rapt soul may dwell, without fear of its pleasures palling or satiating; it is this, and this only, that has power to fill the aching void within the heart—those restless desires—those longings for a happiness which this world's cold and hollow-hearted pleasures cannot give—what are they, but the immortal germ, or living principle, which is to be unfolded, when we "have doffed this frail vestment of decay," "have shuffled off this mortal coil?" Poetry flings a sunshine over those pursuits which necessarily for a time engross us. The lambent light of the ideal plays around the real—it serves

indeed, the purpose of a refiner in this age, when science is pursued not merely as a source of intellectual gratification, but as a means of gratifying the material epicurean pleasures of man—it inspires us with a love for the beautiful in nature, by calling our attention in the most euphonious manner to it. This world abounds in themes for poetic creation, from the freckled flower, that lifts its velvet petals to the sun, to those mysterious worlds that gem the mighty canopy—all is poetry, and should be religion, for who can look upon the minuteness, and at the same time the profundity, the infinity of nature, without contemplating the vast realities of a Supreme Being through these his manifestations—let us turn to mind, and here the power is seen and felt in the greatest degree—virtue and innocence inspire the lay, and their results image forth such pure and tender pleasures, that our hearts glow in the contemplation; it reverses the picture—it lifts the mantle, and shows us passion desolating the shrine with its deadly Upas breath; shudderingly we turn aside, and our eye wanders over another leaf in the book of nature, an image is presented, which annihilates time and distance, and carries us back in imagination to the sunny days of childhood—the golden links, the severed ties, are all reunited, and on every side start up the long lost companions "whom the veil of the tomb" have long since hidden from our eyes; again we rove with them through the dark green woods, and wreath the bright garland from nature's parterre—we seem almost to inhale the balmy air that still floats around our early home. These sweet reminiscenses called up by the spirit of poetry, pass away, or give place to others, but they have lighted up the sterile waste with flowers, whose odors still linger round us, in the remembrance of the vision thus created. Who can compute the mighty effort required in the production of a single poem. The sculptured remains of the by-gone classic beauty of Greece, point out to us the genius resplendent of the blind old man of Scio—the organic eye was shrouded with the pall of darkness, but the eye of the mind shone clearly and brightly—its power breathed an intellectual halo, that made the land of the Iliad the birth place of the arts, the seat of literature. 'Tis true, poetry has been prostituted, and made the pander of bad passions; but when she thus stoops from her lofty pedestal, she dims the fire of her genius; but even in her degradation, there will now and then issue forth a strain of purity, a moral sentiment, a rebuke, that show all is not dark within. If poetry wakes the reminiscence, it also looks into the future—the brightness of its prophecies, helps faith to lay hold upon it. I have dwelt long on the inspired and the inspirers, but there is yet another imagination unfurls her wing, and I find myself entering a lofty cathedral pile; enter with me, and as the waving incense floats through its majestic aisles, and bears aloft upon its vapoury wreaths, the deep-toned aspiration, and the swelling strain, while all around seem to betoken the presence of the Most High, bear witness with me that here "God hath indeed set his seal." Symbols are here presented to the eye, which rive the veil of the mind. The senses are the avenues which lead to the mind, and when acted upon, they form food or ideas for it—the tendency and effect of this action, no one who has once entered with proper dispositions, the meanest temple erected to catholicity, can doubt: here, for awhile at least, the wearied spirit flings aside its heritage of woes, and forgetful of the warring turmoils of this mundane sphere, reposes itself at the footstool of the Invisible Creator. How many a gifted

genius has drunk his inspiration from this hallowed fount, have quaffed here the pure Castalian draught, the breathing marbles, the living canvass, the deep and thrilling music of Catholic Italy testify. Strange hands have rifled these august rites for themes for many of their noblest lays, and thus own, though they intend it not the inspiration. May we ever, seek through, and in our holy faith, the true inspiration of poetic excellence, for in it will we find the all of beauty, holiness, and truth to which our fondest hopes aspire.

M. Y. H.

HORÆ VAGABUNDÆ.—OR, HOURS OF TRAVEL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

MOUNT MELLERAY.

Come, reader, if thou art worthy, enter with me, into these holy precincts. Worthy!—alas! not less so canst thou be, than myself. I feel there is about me a something that speaks to my inward being, and exclaims in silence: *Procul o procul este profane.* Yet, I admire, and reverence, and love these solitudes; though not homogeneous, they are not uncongenial. The beings who inhabit them, have not, indeed, put aside their earthly tabernacles, but, in every other respect are dead to the world; they are buried with Christ; they dwell in perpetual silence, like that which pervades the tomb: but they sleep not in darkness. No, heavenly lights illumine them. Glorious hopes beam intensely before their eyes. And spiritual happiness, which the votaries of earth cannot conceive, much less enjoy, has made its habitation in their breasts. Look around. Survey the scene, and remember, every inch of ground is consecrated. Cast up thy eye to the bleak hills; let it range over the solitary vale and uncultivated heath.

A hazy wreath, as if of curling smoke,
Hath gathered round the mountain's rugged brow;
The peaks are hidden, and the sloping sides
Appear like broken ribs of some huge thing,
Whose skeleton is leaning on the verge
Of the sublime horizon. In the vale,
A scene as desolate—as lonely spreads,
Save where a few green patches, here and there,
Display a meagre harvest; and a pile,
Like to a pyramid on Egypt's plains,
Rears up its solitary head; o'er which, behold!
The cross is gleaming in the noon-day sun.

Here is the home of rigid Penitence,
And Silence—speechless as the voiceless wild.
Here dwells the modern anchorite, as once,
Amid the desert, great Saint Anthony—
Or later, Bruno, in his "worm-wood" vale.

Hail holy solitude! thy quiet groves
May hear the spirit of the fluttering breeze,
Flitting among its boughs—but not the sound
Of human speech; save when the hymn divine
Is chanted in the midnight hour profound,
By monks, who break their slumbers to unite
In sleepless praises to the God who hears
The sounding chorus, and the silent sigh.

Oh! if the stranger's heart, fresh from the crowds
Of bustling capitals, who enters here,
Feels not a thrill of solemn sentiment,
Let him depart—these shades are not for him.
'Tis here—the world, and all the world's concerns
Removed at distance—that the soul may rest.
Here conscience, seared with Penitence, may bleed:
Here contemplation raise aloft the mind,
Which no impediment keeps down on earth.
Here memory may trace the ancient years,
When Virtue and Religion, blent together
In horrid deserts, formed the anchorite
Removed, indeed, from men—but social still.
Rigid himself, but hospitable too:
Who, laboring for his own immortal crown,
With fervent sympathy for all mankind,
Sent up his daily and his nightly prayer,
That God, man's fallen race, would pity and would spare.

The white steeple of the chapel, forming a bold contrast with the darkling crest of the distant mountain, caught our view many miles away. We saw it like some green oasis in the cheerless wilderness: or like the taper in the vale that glimmered when the "gentle hermit turned." The main road continued good: but that which leads across the country in the direction to the Convent, is as rough as the region is dreary and wild. A few wretched huts are the only signs of human life that appeared during several hours ride: and in these poor comfortless abodes, how human beings can dwell, is more than the stranger can understand. The misery, which civil injustice gives birth to, which hereditary intolerance has perpetuated, seemed to stand on the roadside, to tell a woful tale, and point to a wholesome moral. If beggary is to be seen in the streets of cities, and wretchedness in the country, we know to what cause to trace these evils: evils which have grown out of the system of government which has been pursued towards Ireland for centuries past, and which the "Poor Laws," as they are now established, are unable to remedy.

We have arrived at the gates of the grounds pertaining to the Convent. I regret to be under the necessity of stating that the monks are not the proprietors of the soil: they hold it for the term of, I believe, only twenty years on lease; at the expiration of which it will fall back into the hands of the Lord, who is not a Catholic, and who will have at in his power to drive the solitary inmates from the place which their industry, labor, and per-

severance, will have "recovered" and fertilized. But let us waive these reflections, and put our feet upon the sacred premises. The gate is thrown open; a long lane leads up to the buildings; a good carriage road on either side; the fields are cultivated: and the monks in their picturesque habits, with the pyramidical hood peering on their heads, are hard at work, in perfect silence, mowing down the grain. What a sight to the modern eye! those good men, aloof from friends and home, dressed in grey, with a cord about their waists, look like beings of another age. Easily may I fancy myself in Thebais; a visiter to the vast solitudes in the fourth century. The same habit—the same profound silence—the same exercises of piety—the same manual labor—the same warm-hearted hospitality to the wandering stranger.

As our vehicle passed, it struck me forcibly to perceive—and I remarked it well—that the holy men did not for an instant desist from their work—cast not as much as a glance upon us, but dead to all curiosity, and regardless of all passing occurrences, kept their attention fixed upon their occupation—*and their end.* What reck they, those contemplative monks, those mortals whose conversation is in heaven; what reck they of the encroachment of the curious visitor? unless, perhaps, to breathe their silent thanks to God for having delivered them from "the land of Egypt," and "the house of bondage," and pray, at the foot of their crucifix, for the salvation of those whose duty and vocation detain them in the midst of temptation and danger.

Musing along in astonishment and humiliation, I found myself at the door of the convent. A rude cord extends out of the rough door, to which is attached a bell that hangs in the cell of the porter. I pull—it rings; and, without delay, the door is opened, and a venerable figure, resembling nothing my eye had ever seen before, issues forth, and stands in silence.

"Brother," we asked, "may we be allowed to penetrate farther than the threshold of this sacred place? We are, two of us, clergymen; and the third is the brother of a well-known Vicar General in the United States."

Having a general dispensation to speak with all strangers, who came to visit the establishment, he kindly extended his hand, shook ours warmly, and cordially welcomed us to Melleray. A sweet calm smile played on the wrinkled face of this aged man; and his tones were low and gentle.

"Indeed, you are welcome visitors to our retired abode," he replied; "enter, be seated—and I will inform the Right Reverend Abbot of your arrival." He withdrew. We sat in silence: my eyes ranged round the small but comfortable "speak room;" a few chairs, a rough table, on which lay a thick book, and some very plain sacred pictures, constituted the furniture. There reigned around so deep a silence, that we almost insensibly caught the influence of the place, and hardly dared to utter a word. After a short absence, the good brother returned, and informed us that the Abbot would see us with pleasure, and would soon appear. Meanwhile, he opened the volume on the table, and presenting each a pen, directed us to inscribe our names among the thousands that were there recorded. With solemn feelings I inserted mine. I wrote it there, as though I were leaving behind me—far, far away—a memorial of my unworthiness, and yet of myself!

In after years, when the eye of some solitary will fix itself upon the name of an American Priest, who, for the first time, trod on the "land

of saints," and who came to make a pilgrimage to these retreats of holy monks, perhaps, methought, his piety may mark it amongst the rest, and be induced to sigh a passing orison for the "wanderer" who penned it on this page!

THE ABBOT.

The Right Reverend Dr. Ryan, is the Abbot of Melleray. He is mitred, and, therefore, entitled to the style of a Bishop. He received us with extreme attention, and treated us with pristine hospitality. His appearance is singularly striking. He is above the ordinary stature, upright, and hale; easy in his manners, and very dignified, yet amiable in his deportment. He held in his hand a rude cane, was habited in the same manner as the other monks, but wore on his breast a wooden cross, suspended around his neck with coarse twine, and a ring, an amethyst—on his finger. During thirty years, he has been a member of this rigid Institute, and, though a "Lord-Abbot," yet complies with all the rules, and submits to all the humiliating and some of the manual exercises of the lowest lay-brother in the community. His conversation was highly edifying, turning mainly on the subject most near his heart, the monastery, for the welfare and permanent duration of which heseems to live, and devote his whole being. He gave a history of its foundation, reverted to the order as it once existed in France, and interwove his remarks with interesting anecdotes, and instructive episodes. I stood before that venerable man, with a feeling, I will not say merely of veneration, but of awe. The scene itself and all the circumstances of this visit conspired to deepen the religious interest with which I contemplated this holy man, who appeared to belong to ancient times. It required but little effort of the mind to fancy myself in the presence of a *Paphnucius* in the desert, or a Bruno in the *Vallombrosa*. He spoke, indeed, like other men, but his speech fell from his lips like the sounds of a voice that had been hushed for years in the tomb, and was now heard again, breaking the solemn stillness only for a moment, and then to be chained anew in silence more profound.

LECTURE.

NATURE OF RELIGION.

BY PETER AUGUSTINE BAINES, D. D., BISHOP OF SIGA, &c. &c.

"What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul! or what exchange shall a man give for his soul?"—*Math.* xv. 26.

My Christian Brethren—The importance of religion is powerfully illustrated in the words of our Blessed Savour, "*What will it profit a*

man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" For by these words we are taught that there is a future life, that to prepare for it is our principal concern, and that no advantages, no honors, no enjoyments of this world, can compensate any man for the loss of his immortal soul. The reason is clear, the present life is short, the future endless. Whatever may be our good fortune in this world, its duration is necessarily limited to a very few years. It must then pass away, as if it had never been. Whereas our future life, whether happy or miserable, will be eternal, that is, will never end. I may add, what can never be said either of the goods or evils of this life, that the goods of eternity will be excellent above expression or comprehension, and its evils ineffably and inconceivably terrible. Of the former it is said, that "*eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God has prepared for those that love him.*" (1 Cor. ii. 9); of the latter, that "*the worm*" of the damned "*dieth not, nor is their fire extinguished,*" (Math. ix. 43.) In other words, that to the most excruciating external torment, signified by the fire, are added the horrors of internal despair, signified by the never-dying worm.

Now, is it by religion that we are to provide for our future and eternal life. Upon the manner in which the duties of religion are discharged or neglected will depend whether, after death, we are to be happy or miserable for ever. Surely nothing more need be said to demonstrate the overwhelming importance of Religion.

You will easily perceive from these remarks, that I understand by religion something very different from what seems to be too often understood by it in this country. One would suppose, from the conduct of many, that religion was a matter of very inferior moment. With what levity and flippancy are not its awful doctrines discussed in newspapers and tracts, erroneously called religious! How constantly is it made a mere political engine, a stepping-stone to ambition, the watchword of a party! Even in places dedicated to the worship of God, how is the sacred name of religion outraged! what violent and indecent declamation! what artful concealments, what ingenious distortions, what unscrupulous misrepresentations of the religious tenets of the Catholic Church! Even falsehoods which, in a court of justice, no one would dare to utter, and which, in good society, would not be tolerated, excite no surprise when delivered from the pulpit, as if what ought to be the chair of Truth had become the only place where Truth can be violated without guilt or disgrace.

If there be any amongst my present audience who expect that I shall imitate such conduct by returning raillery for raillery or calumny for calumny, they will be disappointed. I have no wish but to promote the cause of truth, and as truth can afford to be calm and charitable, whilst it is argumentative and powerful, I shall confine myself to a simple exposition and defence of the real doctrines of the Catholic Church; or if occasionally I am under the necessity of refuting the doctrines or assertions of her opponents, I shall do it with the most scrupulous regard to truth, and the most charitable feelings towards the erring.

What, then, is the nature of Religion, and what the extent of its duties? Religion is not, my Christian brethren, a political engine, nor an invention of designing men. It is not a voluntary association, to which men can aggregate, or from which they can separate themselves at pleasure. It is not even a mere

school of morality, much less a mere external mode of paying divine worship. But religion, in the sense in which I speak of it, is a system or code of unchangeable laws, which God has prescribed to mankind, as the means of pleasing Him and attaining salvation. As such it embraces every duty, of every kind, which God has ordained for all, or imposed upon each of us, in our respective states of life.

Now, some of these duties belong to the natural, others to the revealed law. In other words, some duties of religion are known to us by the light of reason, whilst others are known only by a special revelation from God. Hence the distinction which you sometimes hear made between natural and revealed religion,—terms which would be incorrect if they implied that there can be more than one religion acceptable to God, or that the mere observance of the natural law would suffice to salvation.

For us Christians, who have enjoyed from our childhood the blessings of revelation, it is no easy matter to distinguish between the simple dictates of the natural law and the knowledge which has been divinely communicated. When the eye has beheld external objects by the light of day, and become familiar with their forms and dimensions, it seems to discern them clearly even in the obscurity of night, when to those who have never before beheld them, they present only false and delusive outlines. Many duties relating to justice, charity, and humility, which were invisible to, or faintly seen by, the sages of paganism, are manifest to every class of Christians, and command universal assent, because the light of the gospel has shone upon them, and banished the obscurity which reason alone could not dispel. Even many of the truths, which the ancient philosophers taught as the dictates of natural reason, were probably derived in great part from an original revelation, preserved amongst mankind by a general tradition. In fact, if God, after creating man, had withdrawn altogether his Divine presence, and left his creature to the sole exercise of his reasoning powers, how limited must have been his discoveries, particularly when, having lost his innocence, the mists of passion and the shades of guilt overclouded his intellect! He would undoubtedly have discovered that a Creator existed of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, and perhaps he might have arrived at a conviction of his own spiritual and immortal nature; but with respect to the duties which God expected at his hands, and the precise means by which his future existence was to be made happy, for this knowledge he required the light of revelation, which was therefore mercifully granted.

Whilst our first parents continued in innocence, God was pleased to converse familiarly with them in a visible form. The angels, also, it is probable, were frequent visitors in the earthly paradise, for we can hardly suppose that their first visit was to expel the guilty pair from their happy abode, and guard its entrance against them with the cherubim's flaming sword. Even after their fall, God did not altogether withdraw his communications from mankind. The promise of a Redeemer was made to Adam, and fully understood by him, though, in the book of Genesis, this saving promise is expressed in figurative, and to us obscure, terms. To Cain also, after the murder of his brother, a divine revelation was vouchsafed respecting himself and his race. Similar communications continued to be made from time to time, some of which, but probably a very small portion, are recorded by Moses in the *Pentateuch*, though all of them were

no doubt carefully preserved by oral tradition, and faithfully handed down from father to son.

We have no knowledge that any divine revelation was committed to writing till the time of Moses, viz. about 2400 years after the creation of the world.

Neither have we any proof, nor is there any probability, that the five short books written by Moses were intended to be a substitute for, or to supersede the whole mass of traditional revelation, which had been handed down in the patriarchal families. The author of the *Pentateuch* was rather the legislator of the Jewish nation than the historian of the human race, and therefore, though he is diffuse and precise in detailing the civil and religious ordinances of that particular people, he passes over in a cursory way the events which regarded the world at large, as if his object was merely to connect the present with past times, and to show the chain of revelation rather than to detail its doctrines and ordinances. Certain it is, that the Jews have ever claimed to possess a rich store of traditional revelation, distinct from that which the inspired volumes contained, without which they considered the latter a sealed book. With some of their traditions our Blessed Saviour found fault, but these seem not to have been the original revelations handed down in the Jewish Church, but certain ordinances and regulations which had been gradually introduced, and which, therefore, He denominates the "*commandments of men.*" (Math. xv. 9, Mark vii. 8.) On their traditions in general Jesus Christ pronounces no censure, much less does he any where insinuate that the only sources of revealed knowledge were the books which the Jews denominated emphatically the *scriptures.* In the same spirit we find St. Paul charging his Christian converts "*to hold fast the traditions, which they had learnt, whether by word, or by his epistles.*" (2 Thess. ii. 14.)

Josue, the contemporary of Moses, is supposed to have written the book which bears his name, and the prophet Samuel, who lived about 400 years later, is believed to have been the author of the two first books of Judges, or, as they are called in the English Protestant version, the first and second of Samuel. The other books of the old testament were written by several authors, some of whom are unknown, during a period, from Moses to the prophet Malachi, of about 1200, and including the book of Maccabees, which the Catholic Church considers canonical scripture, 1500 years,—the last portion of the ancient testament being thus completed only about a hundred years before the final abolition of the Jewish religion.

The contents of the ancient scriptures are chiefly historical, and confined for the most part to the Jewish nation. The events recorded are sometimes in the form of simple narrative, sometimes in the figurative style of poetical composition, and sometimes in the more abstruse form of prophecy. The sacred record sometimes appears to be an abridgement of more voluminous works now lost, to which reference is made for farther information. Thus, in the 2d *alias* 4th book of Kings, chap. xii. v. 19, it is said, "*The rest of the acts of Joas, and all that he did, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Juda?*" It is well known that many of the Psalms were not the composition of the Royal Prophet, but only collected together by him and associated with his. Whether they were previously written, or, like many poetical compositions of early nations, transmitted orally from minstrel to minstrel, or whether, before their insertion in the book of Psalms, they

were considered as divinely inspired, we know not. I said that the contents of the sacred scriptures were chiefly historical—but they were by no means wholly so. The books of Moses may be considered as a code of laws both religious and civil, intermixed with historical narrative, and compressed into a small compass. These, with the rest of the sacred volume, contain, in one form or another, if not all that God revealed to his ancient people, at least an admirable body of moral and religious doctrines. The ten commandments, as explained by the Jewish legislator, form an abridgement of the moral law, with the addition of the precept which ordained the sanctification of the seventh day. The same moral duties are enforced, professedly or incidentally, in every part of the ancient scriptures, whilst the great variety of the ancient sacrifices, which God commanded to be offered, the numberless ceremonies with which the oblation of sacrifice, the ordination of priests, the purification of the unclean, and in fine every office of religion, was to be attended, gave a uniform and steady character to the Jewish worship. The rite of circumcision, or initiation into the Jewish church, the various festivals and public fasts interspersed through the year, the temple of Jerusalem, unrivalled for its magnificence, richness, and beauty, where alone sacrifice was allowed to be offered, the Levitical race devoted by birth to the service of religion, and moreover, further qualified for their sacred office by a solemn religious rite,—all served to impress upon the minds of the Jews this great truth, that *religion consists not merely in the observance of the moral law, but in the fulfilment of the whole will of God, as manifested to us by revelation.* They, moreover, intimated to all future ages, the expressive and awful manner in which God is pleased to be worshipped, and powerfully shadowed forth the beautiful unity and unrivalled glories of the great Christian Church, of which the Jewish was the harbinger and figure. One fact is particularly striking, that though the future sacrifice of the Cross, or of the Christian altar, was manifestly prefigured in all the Jewish sacrifices, though various personages of the old testament were known to be personifications of the future Messiah, though the prophets, amidst various predictions relating to the fortunes of the Jewish nation, or to the fate of other kingdoms, never failed to intermingle some new communication respecting the Desired of all nations, through faith in whom both Jews and Gentiles were to be saved, the necessity of such faith is nowhere clearly asserted in the old testament,—a proof that this sacred volume did not contain the entire deposit of divine revelation.

As was to be expected, the Christian Church corresponded in every respect with its prototype. Like the old law, it came immediately from God, through his divine incarnate Son, and, like the ordinances of that law, the doctrines and ordinances of Jesus Christ were transmitted for a time, through oral tradition alone. We have no proof that anything was commanded to be written; but in the same manner as the books of the Old Testament were gradually composed through a period of fifteen hundred years, as circumstances seemed to dictate, so were the books of the New Testament, written during a period of about sixty years, as various exigencies seemed to require. The new converts of the apostles having heard from their inspired teachers, the history of their Divine Redeemer's life, felt naturally desirous to have the same in writing, that they might, at their leisure, enjoy the happiness of recalling his admirable sayings and wonderful works.

It was to satisfy these reasonable desires that St. Mathew composed his gospel in favor of the Jewish converts, about six years after the ascension of our Lord. St. Mark, about four years later, wrote his abridgement of that gospel, it is supposed at Rome; whilst St. Luke, the companion of St. Paul, about twenty-four years after the ascension, composed the gospel which bears his name, and, a few years later, the Acts of the Apostles, which commences its narrative with the ascension of our Lord, and brings it down to about thirty years later. It records the first promulgation of the Christian religion by St. Peter and the other apostles, and then confines itself chiefly to the acts of St. Paul, of whom the author was the companion and assistant.

The gospel of St. John, was written by that apostle at the request of his disciples, with a view to oppose the errors of Ebion, Corinthus, and others, who impugned the divinity of Jesus Christ, about sixty-three years after the ascension, and his Apocalypse, the most mysterious of all the sacred books, during his banishment in the Island of Patmos, the following year. The various epistles or letters of the apostles, were addressed, as circumstances required, to the different churches whose names they bear; and treat of events which were well known at the time, but with some of which we are unacquainted; a circumstance which occasions no small difficulty to modern readers.

That the New Testament is the most precious volume that ever was penned; that it contains the most perfect code of religious truth that ever was revealed to man; that it either teaches in express terms, or obscurely alludes to, most of the leading doctrines revealed by the Divine Founder of Christianity, that it is eminently "profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice," (2 Tim. iii. 17) no one will deny; that it contains "*all things which he commanded to be observed*," seems repugnant to its own express declaration, and is manifestly contrary to fact. The gospel of St. John was written several years after all the other books of the New Testament, except his own Apocalypse, which was written one year later. Yet the last words of St. John's gospel are these: "*There are also many other things which Jesus did; which, if they were written every one, the world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written.*"—(John xxi. 25.) In fact, Jesus Christ not only instructed his apostles for three whole years before his death, of which instructions comparatively little could be recorded in the gospels, but after his resurrection, "*he shewed himself alive for forty days, appearing to them and speaking of the kingdom of God*," (Acts i. 3.) that is, giving them instructions respecting his church. Of the vast importance of these instructions no one can doubt: yet, little is recorded of them in scripture, except the commission given by our Lord to Peter, to "*feed his lambs and sheep*," (John xxi.) and his charge to the assembled apostles, to "*forgive sins*," (John xx.) and to "*teach all nations*." (Math. xviii.) And what were they to teach them? To "*observe all things whatsoever he had commanded them.*" He did not say, teach them to observe all things that shall be written in a small book, which will, four hundred years hence, be declared to be my *scripture*, but, "*teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.*" As an instance of one of the things which Jesus undoubtedly commanded, but which is nowhere written in the New Testament, may be cited the abolition of the ancient sabbath, and a transfer of its obligations to a different day of the

week. The Decalogue ordained not only that one day in seven should be kept holy, but that the seventh day itself should be so kept, assigning as a reason, that "*in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.*" (Exod. xx. 11.) Now, our blessed Saviour expressly confirmed the precepts of the Decalogue, (Math. xix. 17,) which were the *great* commandments of the law, and declared that, "*he who should break even one of its least commandments, and should so teach men, should be called the least in the kingdom of heaven.*"—(Math. v. 19.) Yet all Christians agree in breaking the great commandment in question, for which infraction it is idle to pretend that there is any authority in scripture, but for which there is undoubtedly authority elsewhere. The same may he said of infant baptism, and certain other doctrines and practices common to all Christians, and considered by them as portions of divine revelation, though not contained in any part of the inspired writings.

So far we have learnt that religion is the sole means by which we are to arrive at future happiness; that its duties are not confined to the ordinances of the natural or moral law, that there are positive ordinances, emanating immediately from God, which reason could not teach, but which are essential conditions of salvation, simply because God has commanded them. We have seen in what manner God has made his revelations to mankind, sometimes by his own divine mouth, sometimes by that of his Eternal Son, sometimes through the medium of men divinely inspired, or supernaturally guided by him; that the writings of the latter, emphatically called *scripture*, contain perhaps the greater part, but certainly not all the essential duties which God has revealed, and that these sacred books were never intended to abolish or supersede the instructions which God might have himself directly communicated to mankind. We have seen, that religion was preserved in the world for two thousand four hundred years, by tradition alone, before any portion of scripture was written, and that the ancient scripture was not completed till within one century of the coming of Christ. We have seen that of all that Jesus taught for the space of three years, only one small volume, full of repetitions, and written without order or general design, has come down to us under the name of *scripture*. Reason teaches us, that this book cannot, and fact attests that it does not contain all the essential duties of the Christian religion. Experience, moreover, unfortunately proves, that, from some cause or other, since certain individuals undertook to reform the church, all who have followed them have disagreed with the rest of the Christian world, and been at eternal variance amongst themselves, as to what has, and what has not been revealed; what is, and what is not essential to salvation: so that, unless God has taught contradictory doctrines, which is impossible, or has allowed his ordinances to depend upon the varying opinions of men, which is absurd, all the different sects, into which Christianity is unhappily divided, save one, must be manifestly in error. Such cannot have been the designs of God. Wisdom and goodness equally required that, in originally revealing his will to man, God should have appointed some certain means, by which that divine revelation could be securely transmitted to after ages. Those means, whatever they are, must lead to unity, not to division; for where there is unity there may be truth, but where there is division, there must be error; and God himself would be the author of error, if he

established a rule, which necessarily led to division.

The question of what are the means which God has appointed for preserving religious truth amongst men, is too important and too extensive to admit of being fully discussed in this Lecture; but I cannot conclude without briefly adverting to two very prevalent plans, which certainly are not of divine appointment.

One, is to subject all the doctrines of religion to the test of reason. Now, if all religion had been founded on the natural law, there might have been some ground for supposing that all its doctrines would be discoverable by reason. Still, even in this case, it ought not have been the reason of each individual which should decide the question; for the powers of the human mind are very unequal in different persons, and what is perfectly clear to one is utterly incomprehensible to another. On this plan religion would be a very different thing, as understood by Plato or Aristotle, from what it would be as explained by a Bœotian peasant or an African savage; so that if men would not err even respecting the natural law, they must be content to believe, on the authority of others, what their own reason cannot fathom.

But as we have seen that all religion is not founded on the natural law, that God has enjoined duties which had their origin not in natural reason, but in his own supreme and absolute will, it is clear that these portions of religion must be learnt from revelation, and proved by testimony. How could reason have taught the Jew the necessity of resting from servile work on Saturday, and devoting that particular day to the duties of religion; or how could it teach the Christian the obligation of doing so on Sunday? How could reason have imagined that God should be propitiated by bloody sacrifices, or by oblations of cakes, wine, and fruits? Ought not reason rather to have been shocked at the thought of worshipping God by the same kind of rites with which idolators propitiated their false deities? How could human reason have conceived the idea, or dwelt for a moment on the supposition, of an incarnate God becoming a victim for the sins of his own creatures, committed against himself? or how could it imagine the various duties resulting from so wonderful an ordination of divine providence? It is clear, that to admit the existence of revealed religion, and to insist upon subjecting its doctrines to the test of reason, is as inconsistent as it would be to subject the colors of external objects to the sense of hearing—or the harmonies of sounds to the sense of smelling. Reason may claim the right of investigating the proofs on which revelation rests, but she usurps a province which does not belong to her, and "becomes wiser than it behoveth," if she claim to discern by her feeble powers "the invisible things of God," to fathom his "incomprehensible judgments," or trace "his unsearchable ways."

Another plan employed for discovering the duties of religion, is for each individual to read the scriptures and expound them for himself. This plan has formed the groundwork of all the modern, and of almost all the ancient sects, and opens a door to every diversity of doctrine. It goes upon the supposition that scripture contains all the essential ordinances of religion, which we have seen to be false, and that all men, women, and children, are capable of reading and understanding the most mysterious and difficult of books, which is fanatical. It argues either that all who read and expound, can understand alike, or that divine truth may be as various as the faculties, the passions, the prejudices, and fancies of men.

Religious truth may be above rea-

son, but it never can be contrary to it, which the rule in question undoubtedly is. For what would be thought of a human legislator, who should compile a code of laws in the form of history, poetry, prophecy, without order or method, and then, putting it into the hands of the people, say, explain it for yourselves, and you shall not err? Nay, what would be thought of him, if he left to private interpretation the clearest and most systematically digested code that ever existed? No human lawgiver was ever guilty of such folly. None but God was ever charged with it. Human wisdom has always accompanied the dead letter with the living expositor of the law, and human pride has never gone the length of asserting that liberty is violated, when legal litigants are compelled to bend to the judgment of the lawfully constituted courts of law. The scraps of scripture brought forward to prove the doctrine in question, elucidate powerfully the danger of private interpretation, but nothing else.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

SACRED MELODIES.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

NO. IV.

"AND ALL THINGS THAT ARE DONE," &c.

Ecclesiastes. chap. xii., *v.* 14.

Oh! thou who mad'st yon starry skies,
To whom unknown no secret lies,
Who read'st the sinner's heart;
With whom is mercy's saving power,
Whose love is man's abiding tower,
Thou who Almighty art!

Teach me to fear thee, with that fear
Which telleth of thy judgment near,
And of that coming day,
When the Archangel's trump shall sound,
And the earth's millions dead, unbound,
Shall meet thy glory's ray.

For thou hast called thy erring child,
In accents merciful and mild;
But, ah! without thy grace,
How weak and worthless were my strength,
Wasted by error's weary length,
Thy mandate to embrace.

Thus, God of mercy, shall I be
"Sought out"—forsaken not by thee,
And soar from earth away;
Thy promise, my sustaining pride;
And o'er eternity's dark tide,
Thy love my guiding ray.

NO. V.

THE LEPER.

St. Luke, v. Chap., xii. Verse.

To JESUS they brought him, the sinful and weak,
And the death hue o'er-shadow'd his brow and his cheek;
And the multitude gathered to hear and to see
The hope of the Prophets in fair Galilee.

And the Leper approaching the Son of the Word,
Knelt down, and besought, and beseeching ador'd,
And said, in the faith of his confident soul,
"Oh Lord! if thou wilt, thou can'st render me whole."

And the faith of the Leper was favor'd by HIM,
In the light of whose shadow, the sun-beam is dim;
He held forth his hand, and the God was reveal'd;
He utter'd the word, and the Leper was heal'd.

Oh! thus may my faith undiminished remain,
To rescue my soul from impurity's stain;
That I may deserve thy redemption, and feel
With humility's faith that thy mercy can heal.

REVIEWS.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN,

OR THE JOURNIES AND IMPRISONMENTS OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN AN ATTEMPT TO CIRCULATE THE SCRIPTURES. By GEORGE BORROW, Agent of the Foreign Bible Society.—New-York:—Published at the New World Office.

THE reader will anticipate from the title the nature of this work, but he cannot perhaps anticipate the boldness of the author. His English pride excited by fanaticism, blinded him, and in consequence, he does not perceive that his assertions, and in many cases his language are unbecoming the religious personage he pretends to be on the field of christianity. In the very preface he gives way to his animosity against

the Pope, and supposes the answer given by a peasant on being called ignorant, and introduces an obscene Spanish word only used by the low class, or by the high, when acting in a low and immoral manner. We can assure the traveller, that his preface could not be read without suppressing that word in any decent company in Spain, and much less before the ladies, many of whom might expect to read his work without suspecting that he would be so bold or so obscene, as to speak in that language. Surely he did not use it in any genteel company in Madrid, but only among the *Gitanos*, with whom he used to associate according to his own statement. He tells us in another part of his curious work, that the wife of the Infante D. Francisco, also makes use of the same language. We doubt very much if this be the case, but at all events it is certain that whatever may be the conduct of the Princess, it is not lawful for any author who respects himself, to soil his work with such expressions, and much less when they are not in any way necessary. But the extreme of the obscenity is found in the fictitious conversation between the author and an old priest, as referred to in the 17th chapter of the first book. We scarcely could believe that any writer aiming to be religious and pious, could publish such things, even if they were true. Were the question upon the morality of the Catholic Clergy, we would in some measure excuse him, but the point is merely the circulation of the bible.

However, the conversation alluded to, bears evident signs of being a mere fiction, as it is customary with those who have in view something besides the mere publication of their travels. He commences to relate his interview with the old clergyman, by saying that the latter was reading, and closed the book and *placed it upon his knee as if willing to enter into conversation. After exchanging a few words* "*I took up the book*," says the author, "for the purpose of *inspecting it*." This would show a great want of education, and it is improbable that an English gentleman accustomed to good society would act in such a manner. On the part of the clergyman, it is also very improbable that talking to a foreigner and a protestant, he would expose the faults of the clergy, even if they were true. In a word the whole appears to be a complete fiction, at least as to the particulars, although he might have had an interview with a clergyman. We beg leave to observe that such a writer as the author in question, is not the best to distribute the bible, and it would be better for him to learn decency before he attempts to present himself as a zealous propagator of the gospel.

We suppose that he introduces some of these Spanish words in order to show that he is acquainted with the language. We wish he had selected some others. As to his knowledge of the Spanish language, we certainly think less of it, than he does, for he must know very little of Spanish, who thinks that *alcahuete* means *spy*, and that a Minister of State directed him to the Secretary, and told him *el harâ por usted el gusto*, in place of *lo que usted guste*, as surely said the Minister, who by the by was the *Conde de Rivas*, the author of the tragedy of Lanuza, one of the great literary characters of Spain. He also says that a poor man begged of him some assistance saying *una limosnita para que io me compre un trayuito de vino* in place of saying *para comprar*, as no doubt the poor fellow said However we would not point out his deficiency in the Spanish language were it not because we notice that he endeavors to show his capacity too much, and

because from this fact we may infer that one half of the great transactions and speeches he boasts to have made, are mere exaggerations, for we do not suppose that a person who does not perceive even in writing a work at his leisure, the shocking imperfections of common phrases in the Spanish language, would be able to make those fluent and powerful remonstrances. He says, (page 17,) that among the many deeply rooted prejudices of these people (the Spaniards) is the strange idea that no foreigner can speak their language; an idea to which they still cling, though they hear him conversing with perfect ease; for in that case the the most that they will concede to his attainments is, *Habla cuatro palabras y nada mas*, that is, he speaks four words and no more. He may have noticed such prejudice in *some* of the ignorant class, but to apply it to the generality of the people, is a rash and groundless assertion. We can only tell him that few of the readers of his work will agree with him, particularly if they have lived in Spain. On the contrary, it is we say, a national pride to be kind and civil to foreigners, to encourage them to speak, to compliment them for the progress they make, and never to tell them, "I don't understand you," unless they speak so bad (as we suppose the author did) that they themselves perceive that they cannot be understood. As the Spanish language has no middle sounds, as we may call them, as in other languages, but all are round or plain, it is by no means difficult for any person of education to understand any foreigner, correcting in the mind the defect of the pronunciation, as if a person would pronounce Fornandis in place of Fernandez.

The traveller also says, (book i., chap. x.,) "during my stay at Badazoz, I had but little intercourse with the Spaniards, my time being chiefly devoted to the Gipsies, with whom I felt myself much more at home than with the silent reserved men of Spain, with whom a foreigner might live for half a century without having half a dozen words addressed to him, unless he himself made the first advances to intimacy, which, after all, might be rejected with a shrug and a *no intendo*." We suppose meant to write *no entiendo*, that is, I *don't understand you*, and perhaps it was the case with Mr. Borrow, at his first attempt to speak Spanish. Those who have been in Spain, may judge of the injustice and rashness of such assertions, but as to our traveller, if he did meet with such treatment on the part of the Spaniards, it is very easy to account for it. Some would not dare to speak to him, thinking perhaps, he was one of the English nobility, who scarcely condescend to answer a question to a poor man; some others would think that he could not understand them, and the majority, namely, those who saw him always in company with the Gipsies, would think that he was as bad as they are, and tried to avoid him. Indeed, what other appearance would a foreigner, who in place of associating with the honest people of the country, was always seen in company with confounded thieves? He did so, as he says, to convert them, by having them to read the Gospel, but the Spaniards did not know whether he was not among those rascals, in order to make use of them for some bad purposes, either in politics or in religion.

As we are personally acquainted with all the individuals who were at that time at the head of the affairs of Spain, (except Mendizabal,) we could not help laughing while reading how they treated him, and what sport they had with the poor English fanatic, as so to make him believe, that they were very much af-

fraid to let him go on with the selling of his bibles. Surely they quoted the Council of Trent, and kept talking about it to Mr. Borrow, only to set him mad, and to laugh at him till he would go back to his country and never come again; but as to the bible being spread or not in Spain, they do not care much about it. They had not the least intention of either persecuting Mr. Borrow, or his cause, but they wanted to get rid of an *Englishman*, (and this *signifies a great deal in Spain,*) *who was very* influential among the Gipsies, the *Manolos*, the *Maragatos*, and such classes of people that form an unthinking mass, ready to move at the impulse, communicated by a flattering leader—*an Englishman*—who was protected in a *particular manner*, by the Ambassador of his nation, and who was *visited in the night*, according to his own statement, by a person of *great intellectual attainments*, who was accused of having taken an active part in a revolution against that very government. In a word, Mr. B. was looked upon as a fanatic, who could be a great instrument in the hands of a government, which they know too well to believe that it would lose any opportunity of doing evil. This is the secret, and Mr. B. should have called his curious work, "Evidences of the rashness and fanaticism of the Bible Society, in the selection of the means of propagating the Scriptures in Spain." Even if the Ministers of the government would be perfectly convinced of the good intentions of Mr. B., and of the impossibility of his being a tool in the hands of the English Ambassador, it was their duty to act as they did, in order to remove every thing that might produce disturbance, on account of the public opinion, or rather suspicion. Mr. B. had no claim whatever in Spain, and therefore the Ministers tried to get rid of him, as long as his presence was attended with any inconveniences.

They could have done it in a shorter way by ordering the fellow out of the country, but this would have exposed them to some of the *English political tricks*, by pretended offences to English subjects, and therefore they put up with Mr. Borrow's disrespectful answers and bold doings, till he became a so notorious infractor of the laws, that no body could find fault with his imprisonment. Even the Government did not proceed but by the means of an *incompetent judge*, (for we believe that all this was privately disposed by the Minister,) in order to let him out afterwards, without entering into any trial, and to point out the fellow to the people as a subject of animadversion, though accidentally the proceeding was taken without proper authority. The result was that he avoided every compromise with England, and Mr. B. could never succeed in obtaining permission to go on, and thus they got him out of the country where he would have been for a much longer time, had not the government protected his mission. We hope that Mr. B. and those who sent him to Spain, will have perceived by this time that the Spaniards also know a little of these *religious-political* affairs. The Ministers found themselves in a dangerous position. If they would have granted the permission, they would have enforced the charge already made against them, of being enemies of the Catholic Church, and they would have increased the difficulties with Rome; and if they would have openly opposed Mr. B's course, they would have compromised themselves not only with the English government, but with many individuals of high standing in England, whom they wish to have always in their favor. What they did then was, "To play the bull," as the Spaniards say with the Englishman, till he is tired

out, *jugar al toro con el ingles hasta cansarlo.*

Entering now into the examination of the work itself, and of the motives of the undertaking of so many journies, we find that, as in all protestant works, the principle on which it is founded, is destroyed in the same work, by an evident contradiction, and that money is never forgotten. The ostensible principle or motive of our traveller was to give the bible to every individual in Spain, if it were possible, making it an essential condition to salvation, according to the protestant doctrine, which he repeats in many places of the same work. But now in the very first chapter of the first book, he says:

"Finding myself in the country, I determined, if possible, to effect something in the way of distribution, but first of all to make myself acquainted as to how far the people were disposed to receive the Bible, and *whether the state of education in general would permit them to turn it to much account.* I had plenty of Bibles and Testaments at my disposal, but could the people read them, or would they?"

In the last chapter of the first book, he says:

"I had determined, after depositing a certain number of copies in the shops of the booksellers of Madrid, to ride forth, Testament in hand, and endeavor to circulate the word of God among the Spaniards, not only of the towns but of the villages; among the children not only of the *plains* but of the *hills and mountains.* I intended to visit Old Castile, and to traverse the whole of Galicia and the Asturias—to establish Scripture depots in the principal towns, and to visit the people *in secret and secluded spots*—to talk to them of Christ, to explain to them the nature of his book, and to place that book in *the hands of those whom I should deem capable of deriving benefit from it.*"

The above is both insulting and amusing indeed. It appears that the Spaniards are as the Indians or any other savages who never heard any thing of Christ, and are in need of the evangelical efforts of Mr. Borrow, to come out of that state of darkness, and this even in cities, for on the hills and mountains there is no need of speaking *in secret and secluded spots.* Surely Mr. Borrow does great honor to protestanism and to the Bible Society, by carrying the injustice farther than any other person did before him. At all events, the reader will perceive that Mr. Borrow admits that the Bible should be given only to those, whose education will *permit them to turn it to much account*, and that he intended to put that sacred book in the hands *only* of those *whom he should deem capable of deriving benefit from it.* Thus, Mr. Borrow destroys the protestant principle, and justifies the Spaniards who do not spread the Bible injudiciously, but among those who will derive benefit from it. We thank him, for his candid admission, and let him go on in his travellings. But, according to his rule of conduct which certainly is also ours, how many Bibles would he distribute on the hills and mountains of Asturias, where scarcely a man can be found who can read? However, he does not say he has travelled much on those mountains. As to the towns and villages of Asturias, they are the most enlightened parts of Spain, and the native places of the greatest number of its eminent men. It is the Spanish Athenas, rough and wise. Our candid opinion is, that if this *religious Quixote* continues his excursions with his Greek servant, who is very well qualified for a *Sancho Panza*, in this new kind of chivalry,

they may meet with many *aventuras*, which he will account to his credit as glorious religious sufferings, but the unprejudiced and judicious part of society will consider them as merited fanatical disappointments.

The Bible Society shall not be forgotten, for its prudent condescension in the management of this important affair. At first Mr. B. was sent with copies of the *Portuguese version of the Scriptures*, translated by a *Protestant by the name of Almeida.* We have not seen this version, but we suppose it to be in conformity with the Protestant Bible. In Spain, however, the New Testament was printed by order, and at the expense of the same Society, according to the translation of Scio, who was not the confessor, as Mr. B. says, but the teacher of Ferdinand VII. while under age, as Prince of Asturias—consequently, there were *two* very different bibles sold by the *pious* Mr. B. in Spain and Portugal. However, this is nothing, although the wicked Spaniards, who are enemies of the bible, will put it down as a great crime. Moreover, the Bible Society has lately made all right, by passing a resolution, that every version published by them shall be according to the English of King James; and that all the stereotype plates, hitherto in use, shall be sold by weight, only as metal. By this resolution, the Society cautions the Spaniards that they have received a *wrong* version of the *Scriptures* from its agent, Mr. Borrow, so that they cannot have any reason to complain. In order to accomplish this good work, we take the liberty of suggesting the propriety of sending back Mr. Borrow, to return the money, or at least to exchange the books, by supplying with the new *correct* edition, those poor creatures, who gave their money for the copies of the wrong one. It is true, that such a measure would put Mr. Borrow to a great deal of trouble, and he might meet with another adventure, similar to that of the Cape of Finisterre, but we hope that he would consider it a great fortune, to have once more the opportunity of suffering for the sake of religion, and the propagation of the *true* word of God. After all, we find, upon reflection, that the Bible Society has not treated Mr. Borrow very well, for it is very painful for a man to have travelled so much, and with so many dangers and privations, to come at last to receive as a reward for his important services, a resolution of the same Society, from which it is evident that he did nothing in Spain but to spread a *wrong Bible;* an offspring of Popery. It is very hard indeed! Were it not because Mr. Borrow is determined to suffer martyrdom, as he says, for the propagation of the Bible; it would be rather improbable that he would engage in the *business* any more; but the managers of the Bible Society know very well that such a holy man as Mr. Borrow, will put up with every thing, rather than to give up the holy cause.

The distribution of the Bible was very judiciously done, as very few copies were given *gratis*, and all the edition was sold at a *moderate price.* Even the poor were not exempt from payment, for indeed the poor *must* find money to buy the Bible, or be not accounted among the christians, and lose heaven.

The following extracts will convince the reader of the prudence of Mr. Barrow, in managing this *affair*:

"Eight poor harvest men, who were refreshing themselves at the door of a wine-house, purchased each a copy, while the village schoolmaster secured the rest for the little ones beneath his care."

"I at last found my way to the church porch, where I continued

some time in meditation. At last I bethought myself of retiring to rest; before departing, however, I took out and affixed to the porch of the church an advertisement to the effect that the New Testament was to be purchased at Salamanca."

"For this bulletin I prepared an advertisement of the work, in which, among other things, I said that the *New Testament was the only guide to salvation;* I also spoke of the Bible Society, and the *great pecuniary sacrifices* which it was making with the view of proclaiming Christ crucified, and of making *his doctrine known.* This step will perhaps be considered by some as too bold, but I was not aware that I could take one more calculated to arouse the attention of the people—a considerable point. I also ordered numbers of the same advertisement to be struck off in the shape of bills, which I caused to be stuck up in various parts of the town. I had great hope that by means of these a considerable number of New Testaments would be sold."

"I sat down among them and said that I was no Catalan, but that I came from a spot in the Western Sea, many leagues distant, to *sell that book at half the price it cost;* and that their souls' welfare depended on their being acquainted with it. I then explained to them the nature of the New Testament, and read to them the parable of the Sower. They stared at each other again, but said that they were poor and could not buy books. *I rose, mounted, and was going away, saying to them*: '*Peace bide with you.*' Whereupon the young man with the gun rose, and saying, '*Caspita!* this is odd,' snatched the book from my hand, and gave me the price I had demanded."

The reader may observe that Mr. Borrow presented himself to *sell the book at half the cost*, which is a common phrase with the pedlers, but on hearing that the people had no money, he thought it very injudicious to delay any longer, and much less to give them the Bible for nothing. Therefore, he immediately *rose and was going away;* however, he showed to them his *good will*, by saying to them, "Peace bide with you." We suppose that, being in a hurry, he had no time to add, "Although you are deprived of this book, the reading of which is the only guide to salvation, and of course to obtain peace." Mr. Borrow's proposition, that the New Testament is the *only* guide to salvation, supposes that the Old Testament is no guide at all. Will he admit this natural consequence? But at all events he got his money. "Firmness is successful."

In order to show still more Mr. Barrow's good intentions in the distribution of the Bible, we shall transcribe a remarkable passage, which is found at the very beginning of the 11th chap. of the 3d vol. It is as follows:

"By the middle of April, I had sold as many Testaments as I thought Madrid would bear: I therefore called in my people, for I was *afraid to overstock the market, and to bring the book into contempt by making it too common.* I had, indeed, by this time, barely a thousand copies remaining of the edition which I had printed two years previously; and with respect to Bibles, every copy was by this time disposed of, though there was still a great demand for them, which, of course, I was unable to satisfy."

The mask is off. The very man that so boldly attacked the Spaniards because the Bible was not found in every house, and we may say in the hands of every individual; that very man is afraid to make the Testa-

ment TOO COMMON; he is afraid that this will bring the sacred volume *into contempt;* he is afraid to *overstock the market!* Yes, indeed, the *market*, because the Scripture was brought to Spain as a mere merchandize. But why does Mr. Borrow think that the market would be overstocked? Because by the middle of April he had sold as many Testaments as he thought that Madrid would bear. But how many were they? He tells us in another place, *thirteen hundred.* Is this number enough for a population of more than two hundred thousand inhabitants? Could they all read that sacred volume, without which reading, according to Mr. Borrow's doctrine, they cannot obtain salvation? What a contradiction. We repeat it—The mask is off. He often says that he gave to the Spaniards, a proper idea of the Bible Society, and of the *great pecuniary* sacrifices made by that Corporation, in order to spread the Bible in Spain, at the same time that the books were all *sold!!* It is true that Mr. Borrow says that he sold them at *half the price they cost*; but he also states that he sold them for *three shillings* a copy—that is to say that he paid six shillings a copy in an edition of *many thousands.* We neither wish to call in question his honesty, nor his veracity, but we candidly say that he was imposed upon; for in times when there was not such a scarcity of money in Spain, and consequently printing was dearer, we ourselves paid in Madrid for an edition of a work about the bulk of the testament, less than two shillings a copy, and the edition was of only one thousand copies. The Spaniards therefore paid for Mr. Borrow's books not half of the cost, but the full price, and if there was any loss, Mr. Borrow must blame himself. But let us make a calculation of this *great loss* of money by the Bible Society. The edition was of five thousand copies, (if we are not mistaken, it was of a less number,) each one cost six shillings, and they were sold for three. Consequently, the Society lost 15,000 *reales vellon*, of which *twenty* make a dollar, and therefore by dividing said sum by twenty, we find that $750 was the amount of *that* GREAT LOSS!! Surely the Spaniards should take into consideration such sacrifices to make them christians. Is it not ridiculous to recommend any religious enterprise by the pecuniary loss sustained in order to promote it?

There are several passages in this work totally unconnected with the distribution of the Bible, but showing that a prejudiced man sees what he does not see, and hears what he does not hear. As an example, we transcribe the description he gives of an execution:

"After we had waited among the assembled multitude a considerable time, the first of the culprits appeared; he was mounted on an ass, without saddle or stirrups, his legs being allowed to dangle nearly to the ground. He was dressed in yellow sulphur-colored robes, with a high peaked conical red hat on his head, which was shaven. Between his hands he held a parchment, on which was written something, I believe the confession of faith. *Two priests led the animal by the bridle;* two others walked on either side chanting litanies, among which I distinguished the words of heavenly peace and tranquillity, for the culprit had been reconciled to the church, had confessed and received absolution, and had been *promised admission* to heaven. He did not exhibit the least symptom of fear, but dismounted from the animal and was led, not supported, up the scaffold, where he was placed on the chair, and the fatal collar put round his neck. One of the priests then in a loud voice commenced say-

ing the Belief, and the culprit repeated the words after him. On a sudden, the executioner, who stood behind, commenced turning the screw, which was of prodigious force, and the wretched man was almost instantly a corpse; but, as the screw went round, the priest began to shout, '*pax et misericordia et tranquillitas,*' and still as he shouted, his voice became louder till the lofty walls of Madrid rang with it; then stooping down, he placed his mouth close to the culprit's ear, still shouting, just as if he would pursue the spirit through its course to eternity, cheering it on its way. The effect was tremendous. I myself was so excited that I involuntarily shouted '*misericordia,*' and so did many others. *God was not thought of; Christ was not thought of;* only the priest was thought of, for he seemed at that moment to be the first being in existence, and to have the power of opening and shutting the gates of heaven or of hell, just as he should think proper. A striking instance of the successful working of the Popish system, whose grand aim has ever been to keep people's minds as far as possible from God, and to centre their hopes and fears in the priesthood."

Every Spaniard who will read the above, will laugh as we do. The priests led the animal by the bridle!! In Spain, this is considered an infamous office, only performed by the executioner, and the lowest man in society will not consent to take his place. Moreover, the priests by the canons of the church, are strictly forbidden to do any such thing. Even if the litanies were sung, Mr. Barrow could not hear *heavenlg peace and tranquillity,* because there are no such words in the litanies. But the most curious thing is the supposition that such words were chanted because the priests had *promised* the culprit admission into heaven. When did Mr. Borrow hear that promise made? All this is the work of his mind and imagination, to bear out his prejudices against the Catholic clergy. He says that the priest began the "Belief." And did the priest say to the man to believe in him, or to believe in God? Can any man say the Apostles' Creed without thinkng on God and on Christ! How then can Mr. Borrow say, that the priest, while the execution was about to take place, commenced the "Belief," which the culprit repeated; and notwithstanding *God was not thought of; Christ was not thought of?* If the litanies were sung, what means the repeated answer "pray for us," *ora pro nobis,* but pray for us to God? Does the litanies say for instance, "St. John pray for us to the priest?" But the most laughable thing is, that Mr. Borrow himself became at once a papist, though as he says involuntarily for he accompanied the priest in shouting "misericordia." We would be very much pleased to inquire from this *momentary papist,* what were his feelings at that moment, whether he meant to implore mercy or *misericordia* from the priest, or from God, in favor of the unfortunate man, who was near his end. He would certainly answer that it never came into his mind to expect mercy but from God. Why then does he not do justice to others and believe that they had the same feelings?.

The author gives an idea of his intention and of his religious sentiments, in the following words:

"I did not come come to Portugal with the view of propagating the dogmas of any particular sect, but with the hope of introducing the Bible, which is the well-head of all that is useful and conducive to the happiness of society; that I cared

not what people called themselves, provided they followed the Bible as a guide."

We are informed that Mr. Borrow belongs to the Church of England, and we should be glad to know from him whether the last part of his assertion is according to the tenets of his Church. But the reader will soon see that the Catholics are always excluded from these liberalities, for in the same volume he says—

"I found that most of them were bigoted Papists, and Miguelites at heart. I therefore, when they told me they were Christians, denied the possibility of their being so, as they were ignorant of Christ and his commandments, and pláced their hope of salvation on outward forms and superstitious observances, which were the invention of Satan, who wished to keep them in darkness that at last they might stumble into the pit which he had dug for them. I said repeatedly that the Pope, whom they revered, was an arch deceiver, and the head minister of Satan, here on earth, and that the monks and friars, whose absence they so deplored, and to whom they had been accustomed to confess themselves, were his subordinate agents. When called upon for proofs, I invariably cited the ignorance of my auditors respecting the Scriptures, and said that if their spiritual guides had been really ministers of Christ, they would not have permitted their flocks to remain unacquainted with his word."

It appears that the good Englishman thinks that the people cannot be acquainted with the word of God unless they read it, and then we would ask him how many thousands are to be found in *his* country that cannot read it, how many in Germany, and in a word, how many in every protestant country, and whether their ministers for allowing such a thing should be called ministers of Satan and error?

Giving way to his national as well as religious feelings, Mr. B. thus speaks:

"With respect to the present combat in Spain, the gratitude which that country evinced to England after the French, by means of English armies, had been expelled—gratitude evinced by discouraging the trade of England on all occasions, and by offering up masses in thanksgiving when the English heretics quitted the Spanish shores."

No masses were celebrated in thanksgiving, because the English armies left Spain, but because their going away proved that the war with France was terminated, and that there was no fear of it being recommenced. There was no question about English heretics. Lord Wellington is for the Spaniards, *El Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo*, the object of their admiration, praise, and gratitude, although we cannot thank him for having demolished every factory he met in his way, for it appears that all of them were built on such spots, and in such a manner as to render their possession very advantageous to the enemy, and their demolition *absolutely* necessary.

The principal factory demolished was *la Casade la China*, in the *Retiro* of Madrid. It was an immense building erected by Charles III, who expended millions of dollars in order to have the China cups and other vessels made in Spain as good as if they were made in China itself. For this purpose, he brought a great many Chinese who were shut up in the building for a week, at the expiration of which, they opened the doors, and the new China vessels made, were as good as any that came from China. After the death of Charles III., his son, Charles IV., neglected every thing,

and at last Lord Wellington thought it expedient to do away with the building, the ruins of which, still show what Spain would have been had the times of Charles III., continued.

Speaking of the alarm of the clergy at the publication of the Gipsies, Testament, he says:

"Long, however, before this period had expired, the clergy were up in arms. 'Sorcery!' said one bishop. 'There is more is this than we can dive into,' exclaimed a second. 'He will convert all Spain by means of the Gipsy language,' cried a third."

It would be an extraordinary thing to convert all Spain by means of the Gipsy language, which is not understood but by a very few Spaniards. How could any Bishop speak such nonsense?

But at last we must be consoled. Madrid is no more in darkness, and of course the rest of Spain will follow the capital. Mr. B., rejoicing in the success of his holy exertions, exclaims—

"There was a time when I was in the habit of saying 'dark Madrid,' an expression which, I thank God, I could now drop. It were scarcely just to call a city 'dark,' in which *thirteen hundred* Testaments at least were in circulation, and in daily use?"

No more darkness, no more indeed, and we exclaim with Juan Lopez, converted to the cause by the Greek servant of Mr. B., "*viva Inglaterra; viva el evanjelio.*" But, *en passant*, we wonder that Mr. B. did not perceive the flattery of Lopez to get his money, and that the fellow cared no more for England than he did for China.

Were it our intention to notice all the mistakes of the author, our review would form a volume as large as the work itself. However, we shall point out two of them for the amusement of the Spaniards. Mr. Barrow met in Estremadura, with many beggars, demanding charity *por las siete* LLAGAS *de Maria Santisisma*, that is, for the seven wounds of the B. V. Mary. He heard *siete dolores*, afterwards he substituted *llagas* for *dolores*, that is, *Wounds* for *dolours*. Why did not Mr. B. consult some Spaniard before he published his work? Because he wishes to show that he knows the language and could convert the people, and we want to show that he could convert nobody. He also says that his *famous* Antonio was called by a magistrate "to attend THE ROYAL MASS, or high mass." The first word is entirely of Mr. B's invention, or rather substitution. We suppose that as England has a royal religion, he thought that Spain should have at all events a royal mass. As to *high mass*, the expression is used among Catholics in this country, but we must confess that we never heard of it until we came here, and surely Mr. B. did not hear it in Spain.

Mr. B. is not much pleased with the soldiers for he says—

"O! may I live to see the day when soldiery will no longer be tolerated in any civilized, or at least Christian country!"

May he live as he desires, and we can assure him that he will live long enough. As a good Englishman, he does not spare the Yankees, and he says that in Madrid there are "No multitudes of insolent Yankess lounging through the streets, as at the Havana, with an air which seems to say, the land is our own whenever we choose to take it." There is no such thing, and we are convinced more and more that Mr. B. in his religious fever, sees and hears many things, which are not in existence.

We shall now give to our readers, the most evident proof of the injustice done by Mr. B. to the Spaniards, and of his blindness through fanaticism, by extracting the following beautiful passage:

"Once, as we were walking through the streets of St. James, he stopped before a church and looked at it attentively. As there was nothing remarkable in the appearance of this edifice, I asked him what motive he had for taking such notice of it. 'In the days of the Friars,' said he, 'this church was one of refuge, to which if the worst criminals escaped, they were safe. All were protected there save the *negros*, as they called us liberals.' 'Even murderers, I suppose?' said I. 'Murderers!' he answered, 'far worse criminals than they. By the by, I have heard that you English entertain the utmost abhorrence of murder. Do you in reality consider it a crime of very great magnitude?' 'How should we not,' I replied 'for every other crime some reparation can be made; but if we take away life, we take away all. A ray of hope with respect to this world may occasionally enliven the bosom of any other criminal, but how can the murderer hope?' 'The friars were of another way of thinking," replied the old man; "they always looked upon murder as a *friolera*."

It is true, that there were *some* churches as a refuge or asylum for culprits, who were pardoned by resorting to those temples, and this was in imitation of the cities of refuge appointed by the Lord as mentioned in the Bible, but it is also certain that many culprits were excluded from the benefit of the asylum, and among them the *assassins*, the defaulters of public money, and the merchants who made a *fictitious* failure who, according to the laws of Aragon, enforced in Catalonia, were hung, and in the other provinces were sent to *Presidio*, or place of labor and correction, for ten years, and no church could save them. Such a law would be of very great service in this country, and also in England, notwithstanding that the Bible Society is in full operation. As to the BY THE BY of Mr. B. we can only say that by the by it is a most unjust, and ridiculous assertion. The unprincipled fellow who spoke to Mr. Borrow (if any did) knew very well by heart, the ten commandments; for every Spaniard knows them, no matter how ignorant he may be. Consequently, he knew that the fifth commandment is *not to kill*. Moreover, he was in the habit of seeing criminals hung for murder, and those very Friars exhorting them to repent for their crime, and to die penitent. How could he call it a *friolera*, or bagatelle, and to say that the Friars represent it as such? Did not Mr. B. himself see such executions? After all, why did not Mr. B. consult a Spanish lawyer, or at least a man of some education, in order to ascertain the truth, and not to expose himself by slandering a country and a religion in this manner? Can Mr. B. find any text in the Bible to justify his conduct?

Much of the rest of the work is very interesting, and we read it with a great deal of pleasure.

ALETHEIA, OR LETTERS ON THE TRUTH OF CATHOLIC DOCTRINES. By the Rev. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.—New-York, Edward Dunigan, 151 Fulton-street.

It is essential to a well written work, that it should be adapted to its object, and to present it in a proper view, and suitable style. And although every writer aims at this perfection, very few are so fortunate as to attain it, and among these, we

justly number the author of ALETHEIA, or the TRUTH. His object is to explain and to prove the doctrines of the Catholic Church, in such a manner that all classes in society may understand it, and none would be disgusted with the reading. This is a very difficult task indeed, because the scholar will soon be tired of the simple notions and plain style, which the unlearned are in need of, in order to derive some information; and they on their part will not read many pages of a profound work elegantly written. To attain this object the author carefully avoids fatigueing the mind, but never neglects to convince it; his arguments are powerful, and abundant, but not superfluous, for the purpose of bringing a protestant to the knowledge of the Catholic faith and its reasons, or foundations. A theologian who sees profoundly into the different subjects therein treated, may miss many things, but a person unacqainted with our doctrine, and who has a sincere wish to know it, will miss nothing, and his untrained mind in this kind of study will easily examine those very subjects which if explained in a more profound and scientific manner, would have been beyond his reach. Surely the author of "Father Rowland" has given another specimen of his talents, and of his remarkable style for clearness, fluency and correctness.

This work is a series of letters, part of which were published some time ago, as directed to *Ada*, by her brother-in-law, but they have been corrected, and altered in such a manner that we may properly consider the whole as a new work. The author has given a very correct idea of it in the "Advertisement." "The object, he says, is to invite by ingenuous attractions, the attention of the young and gay to the most important study which can occupy their minds. To open the gates, as it were, through these means to the more sublime and almost boundless fields of religious inquiry and controversial investigation, which expands abroad." Such a work cannot but be very useful, and much more so when we have so very few of the kind. The works *generally* in circulation are not very attractive, on account of their style and composition, some are too extensive, and their reading requires more time, that protestants who are by no ways inclined to examine our doctrine, will devote to it, and some are so short, as to be rather memorandums than treaties's.

The first ten letters are considered as the introduction, because they are designed to remove the obstacles that might prevent the calm and impartial examination of the different subjects discussed, or rather explained in this portion of the work. The author calls the readers attention to the importance of Religion, for the sake of which *Stephen was stoned Ignatius torn to pieces in the Coliseum, and Lawrence broiled upon the gridion?* He then refutes the calumnies, and points out the prejudices that prevents many from embracing it, and even from examining it, and among many very judicious observations, he remarks that those very persons, who would not condescend to hear or to read any thing about the Catholic Church, under the pretext that every one should retain the doctrine of the Church in which they were born, they actively destroy their principles by asking "whether the *Unitarians* can be saved," without considering that these enemies of the Holy Trinity retain the religion in which they are educated. We should also add with the same right, that these very Protestants blame the Catholics for not becoming Protestants, although we do not remain in our Church, because we were brought up in it, but

because we are convinced it is the only true one. We know what Protestants believe, and the reasons they give for so believeing, but they do not know what we believe, and much less our reasons. Indeed, Protestants seldom complain that we misrepresent their doctrine, and therefore we can say, that we know what they believe, but we complain that our doctrines have always been misrepresented by them, and therefore they must confess that they do not know what we believe.

The author shows in the most convincing manner, the inconsistencies of Protestants, in defending their principle of private interpretation, and at the same time, blaming those who do not interpret the Scriptures as they do, and treating the Catholics as idolators, only because they dc not take in a figurative sense, the texts in regard to the Eucharist. Properly speaking, Catholics are blamed for not interpreting the texts, because their *private judgement*, that is, their good sense leads them to believe that they should not give any new interpretation to the Scriptures, but take them in the *literal sense*, or in the sense in which they have been understood in every age of christianity.

Having thus prepared the reader by the introductory letters, the author very judiciously endeavors to make him sensible of the efforts that animosity and fanaticism have produced in the persecutions suffered from their very families, by those who making use of the right of free conscience, that Protestants so loudly proclaim, have embraced the Catholic faith. He therefore, introduces the "story of Jane, the convert," which may be consldered as a practical argument in favor of the doctrines contained in the preceding letters. The narrative is very touching, and the author giving way a little to his poetical effusions, (which have been so often and justly admired,) presents the suffering convert in the most interesting manner, particularly on the day of her first communion, when she "knelt at the altar, a wreath of flowers on her head, a white veil flowing to the ground, a smile of rapture upon her cheek, and her eye heaming with serenity and joy." We must confess however, that, according to our views of the subject, the new recipient of the Holy Sacrament, would have appeared as well without the wreath of flowers

Entering then into the different subjects which he purposed to examine, he commences by showing what erroneous ideas Protestants have of our doctrines when they charge us with the crime of idolatry. The author passes rapidly into the subject, but so forcibly that the impression must be permanent, and it's effect must be a conviction. In the same prudent and masterly manner, he then treats the point of the invocation of Saints, and here he brings a minister who is on his journey to a certain village to preach against popery, and who did not know any thing of our doctrine, but what he learned from his books, or rather from Protestant pamphlets. He shows to the deluded and deluding preacher, the necessity of learning our doctrines from those who know them, and not from those who are opposed to them. In a word, that reason tells us not to be guided in opposing a doctrine by the statements of it made by its enemies. This observation is of the greatest importance, and should it be followed by the enemies of our Church, their number would soon diminish. On our part, we can say that in nineteen years of our ministry in this city, we never met with a Protestant, who know properly what Catholic's believe, and even the Converts, who previously to approaching any Catholic clergy-

man, tried every means te get information, when they came to us, we found them labouring under many false impressions. A great many are converted to the Catholic faith by the Protestant Ministers, for they tell them so much against us, and of so many absurd doctrines as being our's, that at last, curiosity induces them to investigate them from proper sources, and they find the truth, and leave it's opposers.

It would be our greatest pleasure to point out to our readers, the numerous passages in which the author of ALETHEIA, proves not only that he possesses the weapons to defend our doctrines, but that he also knows how to use them *prudently*, but this would require us to write a volume- We shall only say that after perusing this work, we find the following paragraph of it's Preface exceedingly correct: (He says,) "His weapons are not abuse, or unfair representation, or acrimony: they are a candid exposition of certain doctrines, which are entirely misunderstood, and an appeal in their behalf, not to the passions, or the prejudices of the heart, but to the sacred tribunal of the Scriptures and Tradition. * * * * He wishes to convince the dispassionate enquirer, that a strict and practical member of the Roman Catholic Church *may* be a genuine friend of Republican Institutions, and *must* be true to his country and to his God. His motto is—GLORY TO GOD—PEACE TO MEN."

One word as on the mechanical portion of the work before us. Indeed. one word is enough, because we can only repeat what has been already said by every one: that it is the *handsomest* Catholic Book ever printed in the United States, whether we take into consideration the beautiful paper, clear large type, and elegant engravings, or the neat manner in which it is bound. Mr. Dunigan deserves the thanks of the Catholics of the United States, for the beautiful manner in which all his works are gotten up. F. V.

THE GROUNDS OF THE OLD RELIGION, OR SOME GENERAL ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF THE CATHOLIC, APOSTOLIC, ROMAN COMMUNION, COLLECTED FROM BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN CONTROVERSIALISTS. BY A CONVERT. New York, published by D. Murphy, 443 Pearl street.

With feelings of more than ordinary gratification, we hail the reappearance of a work which most unaccountably to us, has been suffered to remain so many years out of print, that its very existence is hardly known to those who should be the most familiar with it; for, with very few exceptions, we know of no book which should command so ready an admission into every Catholic family; and particularly at this time, when every means, not excepting the most base and unholy, is had recourse to, to shake the confidence of the young in the religion of their fathers, and when even the ghosts of a by-gone fanaticism are invoked to gibber against popery, as the *one*, *holy*, *catholic* and *apostolical* Church, so ably defended in the pages before us, is mockingly and irreverently named. We have not time to add more at present; but if our wishes for its success could in any way accelerate the sale of the book, the worthy publisher would not be long in reaping the reward of his enterprize.

EDITORIAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE REV. FATHER DE SMET.—We give, this month, a likeness, which will be considered of exquisite workmanship, of this celebrated Jesuit missionary of the Rocky Mountains. His "sketches" have received from the public the due meed of acknowledgment and approbation. They prove the reverend gentleman to be not only a laborious and distinguished missionary, but, likewise, a scholar, a poet, and a pleasing writer. He has drawn from the desert many a charming picture, which will go down to future ages, a new monument of the merit and glory of that order which has filled the world with its prodigious fruits in every department of science, literature, and theological learning. Every scholar is aware of the high place the "Lettres Edifiantes" occupy in the estimation of Europe—but we do not exaggerate when we assert, that the "sketches" of Father de Smet may justly rank with them. The original from which this engraving is taken, was executed by Mr. Franquinet.

"FATHER JOSEPH ASEMANNI," from the pen of the author of "Cyprian Bareze," will be found an instructive and well written article: the more so, as it emanates from a protestant pen. We need scarcely add, that this first paper is a mere introduction to the history of Asemanni, which will be continued.

"THE CATHOLIC STORY," relating to the persecutions of Catholic missionaries in the Sandwich Islands, is the production of a lady, who writes from facts. She is ready to produce evidence, were it required, of the veracity of the substance and even of the principal circumstances contained in her production. We publish, in this number, only the first part: the second will be given next month.

"RECOLLCTIONS OF TYRONE POWER."—Our readers will thank us for transferring this valuable article from the "New Mirror" to our columns. It conveys information which will be gratifying to every catholic heart. The mention of the "New Mirror" reminds us that we owe a tribute to that truly beautiful and excellent periodical. It is a great satisfaction to have such a splendid medium through which the politest literature and chastest effusions are given to the reading community. The vein of ingenuousness, the tone of liberality, the character of benevolence which distinguish its pages, are but a reflection from the master-minds that direct it. With two such names as those which shine in the editorial department, the "Mirror" must become one of the most popular and classical of the day. We feel confident that nothing will be voluntarily admitted into its columns that could in any way, give pain to any reader of any denomination. The article above alluded to proves the spirit with which it is animated and guided.

"THE CATHOLIC HERALD."—In reply to the very charitable and christian-like (not to say grave and dignified) paragraph which recently appeared, under the editorial department, in this paper, with regard to "Home at last," we have merely to recommend to the Editor the following passage from an author, whose works should be for some time, the theme of his daily meditation: '*Vide quam longè adhuc es a verâ charitate, et humilitate, quæ nulli novit irasci*

vel iudignari, nisi tantum sibi.—(Thom. à Kempis, lib. II. cap. 3.) If his object is merely to make us "*smart*," for endeavoring to do some good to the catholic cause, every month, we must assure him that he not only fails in the attempt, but he scandalizes the public.

"The Catholic Cabinet."—We congratulate the Catholics of the West, on the appearance of this new monthly periodical at St. Louis, Mo. The more of such works, provided they be well conducted, the better. That the present will be all that the warmest friends of religion can anticipate, we have no doubt, when we consider the high patronage under which it is issued, and the powerful co-operation which can be obtained from the University of St. Louis. There are in that institution names which will give standing and eclat to any literary or theological publication. We heartily desire success and prosperity to the "Cabinet."

Review of Books.——Several works are in our hands, which shall be noticed in our next number. Among which we may mention, "Catholic Imputation," "History of the Reformation," "Casserly's Edition of O'Connell's Ireland," &c.

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

Death of the Rev. Thomas C. Levins.—He that has so lately departed from amongst us—he whom an invisible power has so lately blotted out from an earthly existence—he who has so lately taken a lasting farewell of us all, once filled a large space in the public eye—once stood high in public estimation—once listened to the laudations of admiring thousands,—once felt hope and success bearing him aloft to a height attained by few. Such a man would now require a tribute to his memory, which, had we the necessary ability, should be most heartily and cheerfully rendered. Yet, to those who knew him well and intimately—to those who had opportunities of measuring the breadth and grasp of his mind—of his extensive acquirements,—of his deep and accurate knowledge of the multiform branches of science, literature and the arts—of his firm and honorable principles, of his unbending integrity and uprightness, it would be fruitless to speak. The shadow of death is now upon him, he sleeps beneath the cold covering of his mother earth, the thread of his life is cut never to be united, the wandering winds are singing mournful dirges over his remains, and amid the stillness of night, or the noise and tumult of the day, no one is seen to approach the lonely spot where he slumbers. And this is death and its consequences! and he who is the subject of our thoughts,—the Rev'd. Thomas C. Levins—is its late distinguished victim. A painful lesson this, a humiliating one, and the bright hopes and warm impulses of the human heart fall, witheringly before it.

But a little while ago and he walked among us in the full health and vigor of life; with expanded hopes and extensive views of the future thickly crowding upon his mind, with many cherished wishes to be fulfilled, with many plans in embryo, with noble designs to be acomplished with a courageous soul and intellect unimpaired to carry every thing into effect. All is now overshadowed, cast down like the noble tabernacle in which they had their transient abode.

Mr. Levins had great versatility of talent, great power of endurance, and unconquerable perseverance in carrying out the objects of all his undertakings. In the pulpit he was both eloquent and argumentative, and never disocursed without being full of his subject; on the altar he was solemn and dignified, and always acted like the faithful servant of the Most High; in the columns of the public press he was learned, caustic, comprehensive and powerful. He, like many others of the most talented of the catholic hierarchy and clergy throughout the United States, was a contributor to this paper; and through the medium of its columns ably and successfully defended the doctrines of our holy religion and the rights of his native land; and put to flight if he did not crush many of the bitter hollow-hearted enemies of both. His writings always admired, always sought after, won for him fame and popularity. Who among our readers can forget his celebrated letters to Bishop Hobart, the learning, the research and felicity of illustration by which they were so eminently distinguished? Who has forgotten his exertions in the Brownlee controversy, when he, in conjunction with one of out best theologians, Rev. Dr. Power, levelled the force of his well directed artillery against that arch-hypocrite and unblushing calumniator? In polemics few were more severely trenchant than Mr. Levins, more subtle and philosophical, more clear and logical, more cogent and overpowering. Few of his adversaries ever escaped unconvinced of their errors, or unwhipped for their obstinacy and perversity. Yet he has passed away—his voice will be heard no more—his pen has fallen from his death-stricken hand—his faculties lie prostrate, and his well-stored mind will no longer ply its powers in the defence of his religion and country; but he will not—he cannot be forgotten—the lamp to his memory will still be kept replenished, still sending forth its light, and shall burn on steadily, and brigntly in the hearts of those who know him.

We possess few facts out of which to form a history of Mr. Levins' life; this we leave to others better qualified, and who may have the necessary materials. We will add, however, that he was born in the County Louth, Ireland; that at an early age he was placed under the educational charge of the Jesuits of Stony-hurst College, and that while there, he gave such striking proofs of future eminence, particularly in the mathematical sciences, that he was sent by the institution to Edinburgh, to complete his scientific studies, and attend the lectures of the most eminent men of their day, Playfair and Leslie. Of the first, we have often heard him speak in the most eulogistic manner, and of the advantages which he derived from his lectures and writings. After finishing his studies in Edinburgh, he was called to the professorship of natural philosophy in Clongowes College, near Dublin. While there, he had many students under his care, who have since risen to great distinction, and amongst the most valued was the now celebrated Father Prout. From Clongowes, he was transferred, (not without regret) to the College of Georgetown, D. C.,

where he taught with credit to himself and advantage to the institution, unti he was appointed pastor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in this city. Of the subsequent events of his life we need say nothing, they are familiar to our readers, and are of too recent occurrence to require any detail.

Strongly constituted, with fibres well and firmly knit together, Mr. Levins seldom, if ever, felt intimidated by difficulty or misfortune. We have seen him at times when we have supposed that from the pressure from without, the heart would emit some symptoms of weakness; but we must confess, that if they did exist, we could never discover them. Unlike those of more delicate framework, with organs more sensitively made, and nerves still more delicately woven together, upon whom every passing misfortune impresses its shadow, he stood fixed and unmoved when the storm was brooding over him, and even when it whelmed him in coldness and gloom.

Like most men, his life had its vicissitudes, its lights and shades, its intervals of darkness and sunshine. At times, its streams were heard to murmur along softly, brightly and happily; at others, they were seen to break up into troubled heavings and gloomy agitation. Like the world in which we live, it was a succession of changes, some good, some bad. From the nature of his sacred calling, however, he was much of a recluse; and from the taste and tendencies of his mind, a hard student, a lover of books, of the quietness and tranquility of his study. He is now gathered to his fathers, his spirit has fled to happier, holier scenes; has winged its course beyoud the boundaries of this world, and is now reaping, we trust, the rewards of a well-spent life. Of few men could we more truly say:

Multis ille flebilis occidit.

Truth Teller.

Provincial Council.—The fifth Provincial Council of Baltimore was solemnly opened on Sunday, 14th ult. The prelates and inferior clergy dressed in appropriate robes in the residence of the Archbishop, and thence formed a magnificent procession, which passing around the Church, advanced up the middle aisle to the sanctuary. The Right Rev. Bishop of Mobile, at the request of the Most Reverend Archbishop, celebrated the Pontificate Mass, assisted by Very Rev. John Timon, Visitor of the Congregation of the Mission, as Priest Assistant, Rev. G. Raymond, President of St. Mary's College, as Deacon, and Rev. Mr. Mc Closkey as Subdeacon. The Bishop of Boston preached after Mass on the triumphs of the Church. The Most Rev. Archbishop, assisted by the Very Rev. Louis Deluol, D. D., V. G., opened the Council, the Rev. Charles J. White singing the Gospel. The Bishops of New York, Richmond, Natchez, the Administrator of Detroit, the Coadjutor of St. Louis, and the Vicar Apostolic of Texas, severally made the confession of faith at the foot of the Altar. The following officers were appointed.

Bishops of Mobile and Natchez, Promoters.

Rev. E. Damphoux, and Rev. C. J. White, Secretaries.

Rev. F. Lhomme, Master of Ceremonies.

There were present in the choir sixteen prelates.

Right Rev. Benedict Fenwick, Bishop of Boston.

Right Rev. Michael Portier, Bishop of Mobile, (*celebrant*).

Right Rev. Francis Patrick Ken rick, Bishop of Phidelphia.

Right Rev. John Baptist Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati.

Right Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, Bishop of Belena, Coadjutor of Louisville.

Right Rev. Anthony Blanc, Bishop of New Orleans.

Right Rev. John Hughes, Bishop of New York.

Right Rev. Richard Pius Miles, Bishop of Nashville.

Right Rev. Celestin De La Hacilandiere, Bishop of Vincennes.

Right Rev. Mathias Loras, Bishop of Dubuque.

Right Rev. John Joseph Chanche, Bishop of Natchez.

Right Rev. Richard Vincent Whelan, Bishop of Richmond.

Right Rcv. Peter Paul Lefevre, Bishop of Zela, Administrator of Detroit.

Right Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick. Bishop of Drasis, Coadjutor of St. Louis.

Right Rev. John Odin, Vicar Apostolic of Texas.

Very Rev. Richard S. Baker, Administrator of Charleston.

Of the Superiors of Religious Orders were present.

Very Rev. Father P. J. Verhaegan, S. J.

Very Rev. John Timon, Vis. Con. Misssion.

Very Rev. P. E. Moriarty, Commissary General, O. S. A.

Among the Theologians we noticed—

Very Rev. Thos. Heyden, Very Rev. J. M. Henni, Rev. J. M. Lancaster, Rev. T. J. Donahoe, Rev. A. Pence, Rev. Father H. Pozzo, O. P., Rev. J. Ryder, S. J., Rev. J. B. Tornatore, C. M., Rev. P. N. Lynch, Rev. P. Schreiber, Rev. J. Hoerner, Rev. J. Hickey, Rev. Mr. Mazzuchelli, Rev. Mr. Coskery, and others whose names we have not ascertained.

The Bishop of Drasis preached in the afternoon on the Unity of the Church. The Bishop of Cincinnati preached on Monday Evening, the Bishop of New York on Tuesday, and each evening is to be occupied by the discourse of some Bishop. The Bishop of New York was engaged to preach at the second session which was to be held this day. —*Catholic Herald.*

Consecration of St. Joseph's Church. Albany——On Sunday Morning, May. 7th, at half-past ten o'clock, St. Joseph's Church was consecrated to the service of the Almighty by the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Schneller and Imbert, of Albany, Rev. Mr. Havermans of East Troy, Mr. Quin of West Troy, and Rev. Mr, Rooney of Plattsburg.

Previous to the ceremony, the Bishop addressed a few appropriate remarks to the persons present, explaining the nature and objects thereof, thus disarming bigotry and prejudice, and preventing them, unwittingly at least, from torturing this ancient and sacred custom to their own evil purposes, which is unfortunately too often the case on such occasions. The Rev. Mr. Schneller officiated as celebrant, the Rev. Mr. Rooney as master of the ceremonies, and the Rev. Messrs. Haverman and Imbert as deacon and subdeacon.

The sermon was preached by the Bishop, taking his text from the 1st chapter of Malachias, and was a most able and learned discourse. Many of our most distinguished Protestant citizens were present—among others, the Governor of the State and suite.—*Boston Pilot.*

The Consecration of the New Cemetry took place on last Sunday afternoon. An immense number of the faithful walked in procession from the city; including the children of both Sexes belonging to the Congregations, the Orphan boys, and the Benevolent Society with their Banner. The right Rev. Bishop Kenrick of St. Louis, the Bishop of Cin-

cinnati, Very Rev. Mr. Verhaegan, Superior of the Jesuits, and several clergymen assisted at the ceremony. Bishop Kenrick addressed the people in English, and rhe Rev. Mr. Henni in German. The well-known affection with which the Catholic Faith teaches us to remember our departed brethren was eloquently dwelt on by the Speakers. The Grave-yard has been truly called "God's Acres"—the resting-place of the departed chil- of the faith. Even in that place where all distinctions of life are forgotten, and tke rich and the poor, the great and the lowly, lie side by side, —even there, how feelingly does the Great Church of God appear in the finest feelings of nature and religion. The Cross is planted at the head of overy grave, to denote that it was through the sufferings of Christ, that he whose relics lie mouldering below, bore with patience the long agony of life, and hoped for the repose of the saints in heaven. It is planted by the grave like the Cross which marked the dwellings of the Israelites, to avert the destroying angel, to show that the departed belonged to the people of God. It is like a watcher to save from profanation those bodies which in life were were the "living temple of the Holy Ghost." It is the noblest monument, the most eloquent epitaph which the Catholic can desire. The members of the fold of Christ love the graveyard in every clime; they scatter flowers upon its green hillocks, for their faith does not teach them that odious doctrine, repugnant alike to religion and to nature, which deposits the dead in the earth, and does violence to the heart to stifle its sorrows and tender recollections. The Communion of saints which prevails in our church, no time, no place, no vicissitudes can overcome. We do not find an insurmountable barrier in the grave; we pass beyond it, we accompany our departed friend to the throne of God, we love him, we pray for him. At a time when all feelings of selfishness must cease, our affection becomes most ardent. Well and beautiful do the scriptures tell us that, "it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins," reminding us in another place that "some shall be saved yet so as by fire."—*Cath. Telegraph.*

Father Badin.—We call the attention of our readers to the following notice, handed us by that aged and venerable missionary, *Very Rev. Father Badin.* The perusal of it, must produce a thousand interesting reflections in the minds of the Catholics now in numbers dispersed throughout the vast west. Fifty years have rolled by since the period, when the first Bishop of our yet youthful American church conferred the holy order of priesthood, for the first time in the United States. His vast diocess then embraced all the States of our confederation; the members of the flock were widely dispersed, and pastors could not be found to search after them in their wandering, and carry to them the blessings uf religion.

To resolve on becoming a laborer in this portion of the Lord's vineyard, under the circumstanees of the times, required the hardy enterprize of a courageous pioneer, and the zeal and self-denial of a primitive Apostle. There was no wordly inducement to invite, and many worldly considerations to forbid such a step.

The person who contemplated a mission to any of the new States of the West, must expect to encounter a thousand perils and endure a thousand hardships: and the fact that he would be placed an isolated laborer, separated by a long and difficult road from any of his brethren in the ministry, must greatly enhance the prospective diffiiculties and dangers

of his contemplated enterprize. Yet under all these painful and discouraging circumstances, Mr. Badin bowed his neck, and came out to the west, an unaided but indefatigable and zealous missionary, and for years continued, amid numerous trials and privations, to discharge the duties of his arduous ministry. What changes has he beheld around him? What consoling and abundant fruits has he witnessed upon the whitened fields, where once in solitary toil he walked to sow the precious seed of Evangelical Truth? With what sentiments of pious gratulation and joy, will he, on the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood, offer up to God the Immaculate Victim, in thanksgiving for the blessings which have descended upon the country of his adoption? He has seen much to console him, and, with the thousands who acknwledge how greatly religion has been indebted to him for his arduous labors of half a century, we hope he may in good health and spirits live to see yet more numerous and striking marks of the Divine bounty to this land. Already, the words of the Prophet will apply, when we consider what has been done: "*Non fecit taliter omni nationi.*"

JUBILEE MASS.—On the 25th of May, A. D., 1793, the first priestly ordination in the United States, was performed in the old chapel of St. Peter, Baltimore, by the first Catholic Bishop, the illustrious Dr. John Carroll, by whom the Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, was then promoted to the priestly office.

According to the pious custom of Catholic priests, Very Rev. S. T. Badin will, if God permit, celebrate his Jubilee Mass, on the fiftieth anniversary day of his ordination (which this year will fall on the festival of the Ascension of our Lord) in the church of St. Peter, Lexington, the same being the place where he first officiated in Kentucky, on the 1st Sunday of Advent, A. D., 1793, and where no Catholic clergyman had ever before officiated. He will preach a sermon adapted to the occason. He begs the members of all Catholic congregations, of whom for several years he was the only pastor, amidst labors, troubles, &c. to implore the divine mercy for him; having ere long an awful account to render to the sovereign judge of the living and the dead, for numberless souls committed to his care. St. Paul has taught this awful doctrine and salutary practice in his Epistle to the Hebrews, 13; 17. "Obey your prelates, and be subject to them. For they watch as being to *render an account of your souls:* that they may do this with joy and not with grief For this is not expedient for you. *Pray for us.*"—*Cath. Advocate.*

FOREIGN.

A GERMAN'S OPINION OF THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS STATE OF ENGLAND. Catholicism has put on its armour to attack Protestanism; and against the English gold-and-barter Protestantism every one must wish

it to succeed. The English church consists merely of the clergy—the beneficed clergy; while, as to the laity, the greater portion of them are only attached to either from selfish motives, polltical feelings, or habit. Few others are to be found in the church. And then it is to be asked if a majority of this church the Puseyites—have not openly disowned English Protestanism, and as loudly confessed the principles of Catholicism? What the opinion of the English people is on this very point is very plainly proved by the fact, that at this moment there are, in England alone, eighty new Catholic churches building, and amongst others in the metropolis of London, where, at the close of the last ceuturry, Catholic persecution raged, there is now a magnificent gothic cathedral nearly completed. It is extraordinary enough that the colonial policy of France has brought on a quarrel between Catholicism and Protestanism for the heathen world. —France's ships bring out Catholic missionaries; the English convey merely land-bibbers, who buy acres and cattle with their Bibles, in order that their sons may be prosperous farmers and extensive shopkeepers. Look to the last work on New Zealand by Doctor Dieffenbach, and then say if I exaggerate.—*Allgemeine Zeitung.*

St, Finbar's Cork.—A series of instructions were given this Lent, in the Church of St. Finbar, Cork, by its distinguished pastor, the Very Rev. Archdeacon O'Keffe. If assembled thousands (many of whom were Protestants and Sectaries,) that pressed to hear his discourses be a proof of their value, it is signalized indeed.

A Protestant Bishop presented to the Pope.—The Protestant Bishop of Tuam has been here, and was presented to His Holiness according to his own request.—He wore his apron, and knelt three times, according to usage. The Pope almost anticipated the ceremony by rising in the most cordial manner, and shaking both his hands, and told him, through his interpreter, that he was pleased to meet the son of Lord Plunkett, and added, that he felt a lively and grateful recollection of the services rendered to the Catholics of Great Britain and Irelaud by the olequence and the reasoning powers of his illustrious father. The Bishop retired greatly pleascd, and begged of the Rev. Rector of the English College to convey his thanks to His Holiness on occasion of so complimentary a reception. This is the first instance on record of a Protestant Bishop asking an interview in half-canonicals of the Anglican denomination. May we hope that it will not be the last.—*Corr. Tablet.*

Foreign Missions.—Two priests have been recently despatched from the Seminary of Foreign Missions at Paris, for Macao, thence to repair to China. Eight others for Pondichery, on their way to Siam. Eighty-eight missionaries and 150 native priests now belong to the Eastern missions entrusted to this institution. Nine apostolic Vicariates are comprehended in these missions, namely: 1. Western Tonking. 2. Cochin-China, with Ciampa and Camboge. 3. Su Tchuen, with Toui Tcheou. 4. Yu-Nan. 5. Two. Vicariates of Siam. 6. India. 7. Corra. 8. Leao-Tong and Chinese Tartary.—[*Cath. Herald.*

The Rev. Thomas Maguire on Controversy.—In one of the discourses which this clergyman has been delivering during the Lent to crowded congregations in the Church of St. Dominick, Dublin, we were

struck with many matters of more than ordinary interest. Whilst recently dilating on the value and spirit of true Christian controversy, he observed, that he could not avoid noticing a remark attributed to the Rev. Tighe Gregory, a Protestant minister, at a meeting recently held in Dablin. That gentleman is reported to have said that, on viewing some notices in the streets, he was reminded of a saying of the late Rev. Mr. Roe, that "where controversy begins charity ends." So far as the Rev. Mr. Roe was concerned this might be perfectly true. For more than twenty years before his death he had foully attacked and grossly misrepresented the Catholic faith, and no doubt he felt, perhaps before his departure for judgment, that the sooner he had ceased such unprincipled slanders the sooner might charity prevail. The same might be said by many other Protestant ministers, who, for various human motives, had so long reviled and misrepresented the Catholic doctrines. Where such controversy as this began, charity and justice too, had ended. "But, my brethren," exclaimed the preacher, "what is controversy with us Catholics? We do not assail, much less misrepresent, the creed of others. We are placed on the defensive, and are satisfied to maintain the truth of our tenets against our maligners. Ours is a work of mercy, of justice, and of charity, for "Charity" (says the Apostle) "rejoiceth with *truth*." We seek, we pray, we desire the conversion even of our calumniators. Let no pretender to charity assail us for this. This was the controversy for which Christ, his Apostles, and his faithful followers ever contended—to lead men to the one sheepfold and the one Shepherd. It was this spirit of truth and charity made Athanasius desire to confute and convert the Arians; and St. Augustine to confute and convert the Manichians, the Donatists, and other Separatists of his day. Let no Catholic, therefore, be ever seduced or misled by mistaken charity to condemn such controversy as this.—[*Tablet.*

Extraordinary and awful circumstances of the death of the Archbishop of Mohilow.——A journal in Polish language, printed in Paris and entitled "The Third of May," brings of 18th November an account of the death of this unfortunate prelate, who experienced in the highest degree the bitterness of remorse of conscience, for his errors, and deviations from the canons of the church; only to please the Emperor of Russia, who, at last, requested by his Minister Bludon, that the mass should be said in the vulgar tongue. The archbishop refused to do it, and called his clergy, and openly confessed that he had done very wrong in granting so much to the Emperor, with injury to the church and to religion. He then exhorted his clergymen to suffer martyrdom rather than to deviate from their duty, *because* (*he added*) *it is the greatest martyrdom to die with the profound sadness, which I now experience at my end.* Finishing these words, he died!!

Quilina Black Lion.—From a letter of the Rev. Mr. De Lacy, dated the 15th of April and inserted in the Catholic Miscellany of Charleston, we learn that Mr. William Gibson, Mr. Wm. Scott, and his wife and family, John Scott, Andrew Scott, William Scott, Robert Scott, Miss Mary Scott, and Bel. Scott, have been received into the Catholic Church.

Rome.—Two daughters of General Scott have been received into the catholic church, and also two American clergymen.

Drawn by J.D.Harding. Engraved by A.L.Dick.

CANA OF GALLILEE.

Engraved for the Catholic Expositor.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
3 8151 001 15457 1

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.